

COLLEGE BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

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PONTIAC'S 1980 FIREBIRD



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You can learn a lot, for instance, behind the wheel of America's street sensation, the Pontiac Firebird.

20

EPA EST. MPG

27

Hwy. Est. MPG

416

EST. RANGE

561

Hwy. Est. Range

First, you can learn about impressive mileage and range. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Mileage and range figures will be lower in California. Range estimates obtained by multiplying EPA estimates by its 20.8 gallon fuel tank capacity. Firebirds are equipped with GM-built engines produced by

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"Spalding shoes. They do for my feet what the Pittsburgh receivers have done for my arm."

—Terry Bradshaw

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A DISAPPOINTING BUT EARNEST LOOK AT THE LONG LIFE OF THE OLD PERFESSER

Maury Allen is a sportswriter for the *New York Post* who covered the Mets in those marvelous early years when Casey Stengel presided benignly over the most endearingly inept group of mortals ever to masquerade as a major league baseball team. He was a member of that pack of journalists whom Stengel called "my writers," and he seems to have known the Old Perfesser fairly well.

Out of this experience Allen has written *You Could Look It Up: The Life of Casey Stengel* (Times Books, \$10.95), the first full biography of Stengel since his death four years ago. It is an earnest, amiable, affectionate book. It is also a considerable disappointment. It tells us a great deal that we already knew about Stengel and very little that we did not. It has plenty of accounts of games in which Stengel played or managed, plenty of reminiscences by his friends and rivals, plenty of ball-park atmosphere—yet Stengel himself is as much a mystery at the end of this book as he was at the beginning. Allen has failed to locate the private individual behind the public personality.

Sometimes that can't be avoided; some men and women are mysteries that their biographers simply can't crack. The problem here, however, is that Allen doesn't seem to have made much of an effort. He has been content to record a lot of material about Stengel without really exploring it, without making the attempt—which is one of a biographer's chief responsibilities—to discover what it means.

To be sure, Allen scrupulously recounts the familiar story: Stengel's boyhood in Kansas City; his gritty big-league career; his woeful managing stints in Brooklyn and Boston, his surprising selection by the Yankees and his glorious triumphs with them, his memorable Indian summer with the Mets. Allen understands that beneath the clown's greasepaint was a serious, encyclopedic baseball mind; he is particularly good at explaining the student-teacher relationship between Stengel and John J. McGraw, and the later teacher-student relationship between Stengel and Billy Martin.

But there are other matters he just doesn't delve into: Stengel's long and presumably happy marriage is largely unexplored territory. So, too, is Stengel as entertainer, as public personality whose image was carefully self-created.

Allen's is a competent account, but it is more a baseball book than a biography. The real Stengel still eludes us.

END

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At last. A solution to eleven familiar travel frustrations.
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Lift the padded lever, and wheel it away.



Simple stretch-fasteners makes reupholstering easy.



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Interior identification for double safety.



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The minor bits, so you don't have to.



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You can also drive that same New Chevrolet Diesel Wagon with the fuel economy usually associated with a compact car—an EPA estimated (21) MPG, 31 highway.

And do it all with an engine that has no spark plugs to change, no distributor to replace, no carburetor to adjust.

Range figures obtained by multiplying the 22-gallon fuel tank capacity by (21) EPA estimated MPG (city), 31 highway for an '80 Caprice or Impala Wagon with available diesel engine. Not currently available in California. See dealer for availability.

*Remember: Compare the EPA estimated MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage and range may vary depending on speed, distance and weather. City mileage and range will be less in heavy traffic, your actual



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Of course, what makes the new available V8 diesel engine especially attractive is The New Chevrolet it's available in—trim Caprice and Impala Wagons delightful to drive, remarkably pleasant to maneuver and park. Yet with a full measure of those virtues you buy a wagon for in the first place.

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JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE



SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

BANNED

Two weeks ago, the Thoroughbred Board of the Maryland Racing Commission voted to ban the use of the drugs Butazolidin and Lasix at that state's tracks. The decision was made after six months of hearings and testimony before the five-member board and will become effective Jan. 1, 1980, when the winter race meeting opens at Bowie.

Butazolidin, or Bute, is an anti-inflammatory drug that reduces swelling, and in turn pain, particularly in an animal's joints. By using it, a trainer is able to run a horse more often. When properly employed, Lasix controls respiratory ailments and bleeding in the throat and nostrils, a condition sometimes encountered in racehorses. Use of Lasix has been legal at Maryland tracks since 1974. Bute has been allowed since 1975. The approvals were granted after horsemen convinced the racing commission that a permissive medication program was needed if horses were to meet the demands of year-round racing. Other states have since followed Maryland's lead.

But now many racing officials feel that abuses resulting from legalizing the drugs outweigh the benefits. At Pimlico in 1978, jockey Robert Pineda died of injuries suffered in a four-horse, chain-reaction spill that was triggered when a horse with a bad leg that had been treated with Bute stumbled. And although only one horse in 20 is a known bleeder, almost 75% of the horses running recently at Laurel were on the Lasix list that is posted daily. It seems that many trainers will give Lasix to their non-bleeders to discourage their being claimed. Lasix, a powerful diuretic, also can be used to camouflage other drugs that are not permitted, such as Sublimaze or Stadol, by producing such a volume of urine that testing for trace elements is virtually impossible.

"The intent of the medication program has been abused so much that it is hard to justify," says Robert W. Banning, chairman of the Maryland Thoroughbred

Board. "The biggest industry cloud that we have comes around medication."

Predictably, not everyone was happy with the decision. Fendall Claggett, president of the Maryland, Delaware, Charles Town division of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, called the board's action "intolerable" and said it would result in smaller fields and financial setbacks for Maryland racing.

"Abolishing medication may sound good, but it's naive and ignorant," said King T. Leatherbury, one of the nation's leading trainers, in testifying against the ban. "I could live without the Bute easier than without Lasix. If you have a horse that needs Bute, he might depreciate in value without it, and he may race less. But still you're in action. Whereas, you may have a \$30,000 horse that really bleeds, and without the Lasix, that horse is going to be worth zero."

Dr. Thomas Tobin, a professor of veterinary medicine and toxicology at the University of Kentucky, told the commission that giving Bute to a horse is comparable to giving aspirin to humans. "The primary action of Bute is to block pain due to inflammation," he said. "But it does not block out pain entirely."

"If that's true," asked board member J. Neil McCardell, "then why is everybody so anxious to use it?"

The board's decision to ban the drugs was unanimous. Maryland now joins New York to become the only Eastern states to ban Bute and Lasix—New Jersey permits limited use of Lasix only—while Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Delaware are expected to soon follow suit.

One reason the racing commissions are taking action is a drug bill that U.S. Representative Bruce F. Vento (D., Minn.) hopes to introduce in January. Vento's legislation would establish federal minimum testing standards and would set civil and criminal penalties for violations, which are now handled internally by racing commissions. Vento has received considerable support for the bill, primarily from well-organized

humane societies around the country.

Racetrack officials are strongly opposed to the ban of the drugs and to federal intervention. But it's clear they can't have it both ways. There is general agreement that there are abuses of Bute and Lasix, and unless action is taken by the racing commissions to ban these drugs, Washington seems certain to do so. As William Gross, one of Pennsylvania's racing commissioners, said last week, "Sure, we'll get a lot of flak, but it's time we start to bite the bullet. I wouldn't want to see the commissions being dictated to by the federal government."

ULTIMATE WEAPON

You probably thought that California lost to Baltimore in the American League playoffs because the Orioles played better ball. Not so, according to a letter we received from John Robertson of Camar-



illo, Calif. It wasn't the hitting or the pitching—but the singing that did the Angels in. Robertson is a voice and piano teacher whose principal hobby is singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* before pro baseball, football, basketball and hockey games. Because Robertson, a tenor, lives just northwest of Los Angeles, most of his appearances are in Southern California.

"In the last 6½ years I've sung our national anthem 86 times for the Dodgers, Angels, Lakers, Kings, Southern California Sun (WFL) and Aztecs," writes Robertson. "I can sing the anthem in seven keys. When I sing in the four lower keys,

continued

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Chopped steak is driving down the cost of life insurance.

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We give you the right to *return* a policy up to a full 10 days after you get it. (Minds were made to be changed.)

And we make a point of spelling out the exact cost of our insurance. According to a formula that lets you compare it with what you'd pay our competitors down the street.³

We're not saying our business is perfect. It can — it *must* — keep changing.

But we hope you agree we're doing something to make insurance affordable. If not, alas, edible.

Etna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹ Etna's *Economaster* policy, the first of its kind to be offered by a major U.S. insurance company, is a "whole life" or permanent policy. It features premiums that are usually lower than those of conventional whole life. Even companies that don't offer *Economaster*-type coverage give you a choice between whole life and "term" insurance,

the kind whose initially lower premiums make it appealing to relatively young insurance buyers during inflationary times. The older you get, however, the higher your term premiums. As the man says, you pay your money and you take your choice.

² The cost of life insurance has dropped for other reasons, too. People are living longer,

healthier lives. Computers make possible better service with fewer employees. And competition among America's 1,900 life insurers insures the savings get passed on to you.

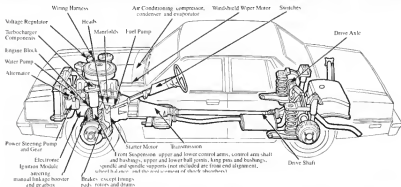
³ The formula for determining cost—a complicated business, since different policies offer a headscratching host of different features—was worked out by

the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, whose members are drawn from the 50 independent state agencies that oversee the insurance business. The NAIC formula has been adopted by over half the states, but Etna voluntarily supplies this information throughout the country.



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IT CAN EXTEND PROTECTION TO EVERYTHING SHOWN HERE FROM 12 MONTHS/12,000 MILES TO 3 YEARS/50,000 MILES.



What it covers.

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CAR COVERED	SUGGESTED PRICE	
	3 yr / 36,000 mi	3 yr / 50,000 mi
Cougar	\$349	\$379
Fiesta, Pinto, Bobcat Mustang, Capri, Fairmont and Zephyr	\$875	\$215
Granada, Monarch, Cougar XR-7, Thunderbird	\$225	\$275
Ford LTD, Mercury Marquis, F-100 through F-350, Light trucks (4x2) Econoline Club Wagon	\$270	\$330
Bronco, F-100 through F-350, Light trucks (4x4)	\$470	\$510
Lincoln, Mark VI Versailles	\$320	\$360

You also pay only the first \$25 per covered repair visit. Extended Service Plan not available in Rhode Island.

What it means.

Ford Extended Service Plan picks up where your 12 months/12,000 miles new car limited warranty leaves off. You can choose from two plans: extended protection from date of delivery for 3 years/36,000 miles (whichever comes first) or 3 years/50,000 miles. It's a service contract between you and Ford Motor Company. And it's honored by over 6,500 Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealers in North America. Just go to your selling dealer. What if you bought your car in Des Moines and you need repairs in Atlanta? Just take your car in to any Ford Motor Company dealer, show your membership card, and you'll get the service you need.

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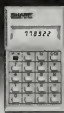
815B. Credit card size. Sensor Touch™ Entry Panel. 3-key memory. Liquid Crystal Display (LCD). \$19.95.*



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EIGHT CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THAT ARE ALWAYS PERFECTLY CORRECT.

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Sharp has scientific calculators for scientists. And scientists-to-be. Printing calculators with tapes—for people who want to keep their figures. And ultra slim ones for the fashionable set. Not to mention all the hard working, basic models we have for people in business. And kids in school.

They all fit beautifully under the tree. Or make super stocking stuffers. The kinds of Christmas surprises that last for years.

And since the elves in our workshop make 35 different models—if you don't see what you want here—it's perfectly correct to ask when you visit a Sharp dealer!



**TO MAKE CALCULATORS
THIS ADVANCED
YOU'VE GOT TO BE SHARP.**

I'm 60% wins. But in the three highest keys, B to D flat, I'm 95%, with 58 wins and three losses, I'm 37-2, or 95%, in my highest key. I sang at The Forum 20 times last season, 10 for the Lakers and 10 for the Kings, and never lost.

"... I have sung for the Dodgers for six years.... In 1977 the Dodgers lost two World Series home games with celebrity singers. If I had been allowed to sing for one of those games, there probably would have been a seventh game back in New York.

"... I have been singing for the Angels five years and I asked if I could sing in one playoff game. They owed me that on my seniority alone, but I also told them of my winning record in detail. They weren't impressed and said, 'Sorry.' Well, you know what happened in the last playoff game with their backs to the wall. They had pulled out all their stops—except one."

Rejected at home, Robertson then offered his victorious voice to Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver as the "ultimate weapon" against the Pirates in the World Series. Weaver never wrote back. Well, you know what happened in the last Series game. And now you know why.

SOUR GEORGIA BROWN

Something unfunny has happened to Harlem Globetrotters. They have released one of their most celebrated performers, Marques Haynes, who says he was dropped because of his activities as president of the union representing Globetrotter players, the United Basketball Players Association. According to an unfair-labor-practice charge filed with the National Labor Relations Board, the Globetrotters have discharged three other players who were active in the union—John Smith, Ronald Cole and Alan Cunningham. Haynes accuses club management of attempting to interfere with and weaken the union.

The Globetrotters were previously racked by labor problems in 1971 when team members struck for three weeks for higher pay and better traveling conditions. Haynes wasn't with the organization at the time. He had joined the Globetrotters in 1946 and had become famous as the team's dribbling specialist, but quit in 1953 to form his own comedy-basketball troupe, the Fabulous Magicians. He returned to the Trotters in 1972 and was elected president of the union when it won NLRB certification in 1974.

Haynes admits that conditions on the Trotters have improved since the '71 strike. But, he says, the average salary of the 20 players who make up the team's two touring troupes is \$37,000 for a six-month, 200-game schedule, far below the \$130,000 average for NBA Players, who have 82 games over six months. Haynes says that when he tried to raise grievances about salaries and other issues, management began pressuring his teammates to avoid him. As a result, he says, "Some of them were so scared that if I walked into the room, they wouldn't look at me. These were my best friends, people I'd been playing with for years. Sometimes they would call me late from pay phones because they thought they were being observed." Herbert Levine, a lawyer representing Metromedia, Inc., which has owned the Globetrotters since 1976, said he would not comment on Haynes' charges while the NLRB complaint was still pending.

MR. RODGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD

On Thanksgiving Day, marathoner Bill Rodgers helped promote the five-mile Manchester (Conn.) Turkey Trot by running stride for stride with Denis Mullane, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, a sponsor of the event, all proceeds from which went to muscular-dystrophy research. Mullane and Rodgers crossed the finish line together, in 46 minutes.

At a postrace party, another runner, Judy Krupp of Manchester, was talking to some finishers, including Rodgers, about the race, which she had completed in 40:20.

"And what was your time?" she asked Rodgers.

"Forty-six minutes," he replied.

"Well, I think you should be proud just to have finished," she said to console him. "Five miles is a long way, if you're not used to it."

THE FISHBOWL STATE

Vacationers and retirees aren't the only exotic creatures who find south Florida's subtropical climate inviting. So do growing numbers of alien species that are turning the area into a veritable United Nations of the animal kingdom. Cuban Treefrogs, which are believed to have arrived as stowaways on banana boxes, inhabit Miami's tallest buildings, and a number of imported pets have found

their way into the wild, including myna birds from Asia and South American parakeets, both of which have formed breeding colonies in Coral Gables. Similarly, the tilapia fish from Africa started out in fish tanks, but apparently some owners turned them loose; they now dwell in Miami's sprawling canal system, where they are multiplying with startling rapidity. So many other fish have followed the same route that Tamir Ellis, a University of Miami biologist, recently told *The Miami Herald* that Dade County was becoming "a kind of fishbowl for exotic species."

Florida also abounds in new reptiles, including South American iguanas that can attain a length of six feet and have taken up residence in southern Dade County, and Cuban anoles with green skin that cling with their tails to Southern Bell's telephone lines. Tokay geckos, Asian lizards with purplish heads and orange spots, skitter across ceilings of Miami homes at night, emitting shrill cries. Even more disconcerting are the city's increasingly abundant South American caimans, which were sold a few years ago as cute, inexpensive pets to people who ended up releasing them into local waterways when they realized that caimans are one of the fiercest of crocodilians. Almost 100 of the menacing creatures were recently removed from drainage ditches at Homestead Air Force Base.

Naturalists say there is no reason to believe the influx of foreign fauna is temporary. On the contrary, Florida's new species are merely following the example of a hardy, adaptable—and irksome—bird that arrived in the U.S. from England a little over a century ago and has done very well here, thank you: the house sparrow.

THEY SAY IT

- Gary Yipremian, New Orleans Saint kicker, after deciding against a \$10,000 hair transplant: "The thing that really bothers me is that there are already so many Elvis Presley look-alikes."
- Dan Pastorini, Houston Oilers quarterback, on what it's like to hand off to Earl Campbell: "Comforting."
- Floyd Smith, NHL Toronto Maple Leaf coach, after his team was tied by the Edmonton Oilers: "I have nothing to say, and I'm only going to say it once."
- Lee Trevino: "There are two things not long for this world—dogs that chase cars and pro golfers who chip for pars." **END**

Fig. "tar", 13 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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Camel Filters style.**

Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.

Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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BOSTON IS WINGING ONCE MORE

Grounded for two seasons, the Celtics are perched high atop the NBA standings. The big difference: a rare Bird of a rookie **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

The worst part of the whole grisly nightmare for Red Auerbach was that people thought he had actually stopped smoking. Stopped smoking? As architect of the Boston Celtics' dynasty through all those years as the team's coach, and even in his role as the club's high-profile general manager, Auerbach had sealed each victory by lighting up one of his dreadful green cigars. He had helped hang 13 championship banners from the rafters of Boston Garden, and over the years had probably made more people ill than a flu epidemic. Then two seasons ago the Celtics began to lose, lose big, and suddenly the team began to make people sick. People kept asking Auerbach what had become of those cute little cigars he used to smoke.

By the end of last week Auerbach was once again turning his seatmates positively green. The Celtics were making the rest of the NBA queasy, too. With successive victories over New Jersey and Indiana at home—where the Celtics are un-

beaten this year—and a 106-101 win in Atlanta, Boston appeared to be capable of turning stomachs all the way to the playoffs and beyond.

To appreciate where the Celtics stood at week's end—Boston had the best record in the NBA (15-4) and was a game and a half ahead of Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division—one had to remember where they had been the past two seasons. After finishing the 1977-78 season with a dismal 32-50 record, the team that had once won eight world championships in a row stumbled to a hideous 29-53 mark in 1978-79. In that one nightmare season the Celtics went through two coaches (Satch Sanders and Dave Cowens), tried 21 different starting lineups and shuffled 18 different players in and out of town. They finished dead last in the Atlantic Division, 25 games behind first-place Washington. The only team in the entire league with a worse won-loss percentage was the New Orleans Jazz, a club now playing under an assumed name somewhere in the Wasatch Mountains.

The depth of Boston's decline cannot be overemphasized. It was as if by blowing first-round draft

continued

A Bird specialty: passing off. This one goes behind the head, completely blind, against the Jazz



Although Tiny's big contribution is assists, he can still leave everyone flat-footed on a drive

THE CELTICS continued

choices year after year on the fabled Clarence Glover, Steve Downing, Glenn McDonald, Tom Boswell and Norm Cook, someone in the Celtics' front office was trying to make up to the rest of the league for all the years of Boston's dominance. Even trades that had seemed promising—deals for name players like Sidney Wicks, Curtis Rowe, Billy Knight, Marvin Barnes and Bob McAdoo—had caused only problems. "My first season here we had seven guys who were All-Stars," says third-year Forward Cedric Maxwell, himself a budding star with a league-leading .667 field-goal shooting percentage. "We had more talent then than we do now—superstars at every position—but a lot of them were misfits. Just because you put five guys to-

gether on the floor doesn't mean they're going to play well together."

The Celtics certainly proved that. The height of their front-office folly came last winter when John Y. Brown, then the club's owner—he has since got himself elected governor of Kentucky on the skittails of his bride, Phyllis George—swapped three first-round draft choices to New York for McAdoo. Auerbach was displeased but philosophical. "What are you gonna do?" he says now. "Criticize the owner? Besides, people wouldn't have believed me if I told them how dumb this guy was. He'll probably try to trade the Kentucky Derby for the Indianapolis 500."

Inept as they seemed through these dreadful times, the Celtics did manage to do one thing right. In the 1978 draft Auerbach selected Larry Bird, then a ju-

nior at Indiana State, gambling that he could sign Bird before the following year's college draft. Bird did, indeed, come to terms with Boston after leading Indiana State to the NCAA finals last spring.

There are many ways to gauge Bird's importance to the Celtics, but probably the simplest and most telling is to point out that he is the only new face in the starting lineup that finished the season for Boston last season, replacing McAdoo. Against Indiana last Friday he scored 30 points, his high as a pro, in a 118-103 victory over the Pacers. That brought the Celtics' record to a tidy 9-0 at home, and six of those games have been sellouts. In all of last season they filled the Garden only once—for the retirement of John Havlicek's number. Boston sold more than 6,000 season tickets this year, the most in the history of the franchise. Average attendance has jumped from 10,193 in 1978-79 to 13,849, 90% of capacity. The reason for the surge at the gate is unquestionably Bird.

"We're the hot ticket in town now, the one the wise guys have to have," says Assistant General Manager Jeff Cohen. "Bird has been a huge part of that because he's lived up to what was expected of him. This town has been let down so often by its teams that for him to be as good as everybody said he would be is a tremendous thing. Bird is the kind of player that fathers in Boston have been telling their sons about all these years when they talked about how the old Celtics played."

Bird played one of his least impressive games in last week's 111-103 win over New Jersey, and yet he finished with 24 points and 12 rebounds. When the Celtics trailed by 15 points in the third period it was he who rallied them. With 6:38 left in the third quarter, Bird had scored only four points. He drove the left baseline for a basket and then banged in a follow-up of his own missed shot, and that seemed to awaken the crowd. He followed with a pair of free throws, hit a nifty shot as he crossed the lane and launched a flying 24-footer just ahead of the buzzer for a three-pointer that put the Celtics up by a point going into the final period.

Bird has scored in double figures in all 19 of the games he has played as a

pro, and he leads the Celtics in scoring (19.1 points a game), rebounding (10.1) and, less happily, turnovers. As with most great passers, however, Bird is not truly responsible for all the turnovers credited to him—many of his innovative passes are dropped or fumbled. Bird trails Guard Tiny Archibald by a wide margin in assists (as does almost everyone; Archibald leads the league with an average of nine a game), but the Bird may be the best passer in the NBA. "Tiny will create off a freelance move," says Boston Coach Bill Fitch, "but at this level a lot of players can do that. Larry can create off a set play, and in the context of that play he can invent something that's never been done."

Bird proved that beyond any doubt two weeks ago against the Knicks at Madison Square Garden. Holding the ball facing the basket at the left-wing position and guarded by Toby Knight, Bird saw a teammate break over a pick and toward the basket, but appeared to have no opening for a pass because Knight had defended the play well. Without moving his feet, Bird shoved the ball behind his back with his right hand, and delivered a perfect bounce pass that Knight never saw. It was a dazzling play—so dazzling, in fact, that Bird's teammate, Jeff Judkins, missed the layup, and two New York newspaper columnists missed Judkins, reporting instead that it was Celtic Guard Gerald Henderson who had received the pass. One of the columnists even insisted that Henderson had made the layup. With Bird, what you see is what you get, but what you get isn't always what you think you see.

The addition of Bird has not only made Celtics games more exciting for the Boston faithful, but it has also had a tonic effect on Cowens' game at center. Recently Cowens was asked if it was fun to play for the Celtics again, fun in the way it had been in 1974 and again in '76 when he was a near-heroic figure on Boston championship teams. Cowens knows all about fun. Wasn't it he, after all, who, on the occasion of being introduced to Phyllis George when she was a CBS headliner, told the former Miss America she had some food caught

continued

Third-year forward Maxwell suffered on teams of superstars that never played well together



in her teeth and asked her politely if she wouldn't like some dental floss to get it out? Wasn't this that Dave Cowens? Well, no, apparently not. Cowens considered the question for a long moment, then said, "Define fun." Hoo, boy.

Fun wasn't the only thing missing from Cowens' game last season. Gone, too, was The Look—the zombie-crazy aspect of a very disgruntled werewolf that comes over Cowens' face when his concentration on the game is complete. Cowens is now in his 10th season with the Celtics, and when he was good he was very good. But he no longer jumps as well, so without The Look he is really just another 6' 8" white guy trying to play center.

When the Celtics leaped out to a 2-12 start last season and Satch Sanders had to be fired, Auerbach gave the job to Cowens, hoping it would stimulate him. The Look didn't return.

Cowens' play last year was a matter of considerable concern to Fitch when he arrived at the Celtics last June after nine seasons in Cleveland. "Dave has to have a high level of intensity to be a great player," Fitch says. "A center is like a bullfighter—if he loses that intensity he gets gored. Dave was getting gored, and it hurt to watch."

No one was more painfully aware of Cowens' shortcomings than Cowens himself. The Celtics' long winning tradition had been an emotional rudder for him during his first seven seasons in Boston, a kind of psychic automatic pilot. "Anytime you have a tradition like the Celtics have," he says, "you get so you do things without question, because that's the way they've always been done. It's like a religion. Last year we didn't do a lot of the things people associate with the Celtics' tradition, and that was because there were a lot of people here who weren't willing to pay the price. And what it boils down to is if you want to win you have to pay a price."

Not until training camp was Fitch convinced that Cowens was willing to pay his price. "I only had Dave's word that he was going to bend it to win," Fitch says. "He had to prove himself like everybody else."

Fitch didn't leave any fan clubs behind him in Cleveland, but after two seasons of absence in Boston, he was sorely needed in Boston, and the Celtics seemed to welcome Fitch's tough discipline. "Getting Fitch was the smartest move I ever made," says Auerbach. "He's a disciple of mine, you know. He studied the way I coached and everything."

Fitch's job was made easier when the Celtics signed free-agent Forward M. L. Carr from Detroit and then unloaded McAdoo as compensation in the bargain. Only two NBA players had more playing time last season than Carr, and he led the league in steals, but it was as much for his disposition—which is resolutely cheerful—as his skills that Boston went after him.

When Fitch arrived in Boston he decided it was important to make Carr happy about becoming the Celtics' sixth man. If he mentioned the names of oth-



Tough man Fitch has put some bite in Boston

er great Celtics sixth men of the past—names like Frank Ramsey, Havlicek, and Paul Silas—it didn't have much of an effect on Carr. "I don't want to get caught up in that sixth-man syndrome," Carr says. "I have a role to play, and it doesn't matter if I'm the sixth or the seventh or the eighth man. I'll still play just as hard. This is the happiest I've ever been. I'm one of the most fortunate people in the world. I think I have the best job in the country, a better job than President Carter, and I'll probably keep mine longer."

That didn't look like a particularly good bet when Carr reported to early camp in September. Not wanting to risk an injury before he had signed a contract, Carr had taken the summer off and came to camp absurdly overweight. He wasn't a particularly inspired performer in the Celtics' early preseason games. "I think if they hadn't known me," Carr says, "they would have wondered what kind of mistake they had made. We went down to New York for an exhibition game and I was wobbling up and down the floor so badly they were calling me Fat Boy, but I was just keeping my money tied around my waist because I didn't know what the economy was going to do." By the opening game of the regular season Carr had either slimmed down or made a big deposit in a savings & loan because he came out of the blocks like a rocket—a svelte rocket—and has given the Celtics 14.3 points a game and incalculable leadership.

The team has held nothing back, hoping to find out quickly if it is for real. "We had to start off well for our own sakes to



Sixth man Carr says he's happier than the Prez

get our confidence back," says Cowens.

It's unlikely that there was another player on the Celtics' roster whose confidence needed restoring more desperately than Archibald. He was one of the premier guards in the game when he ruptured an Achilles' tendon in 1977. Last season, his first in Boston, he was coming back from a layoff of a year and a half, and he was both rusty and not-so-tiny. And though he had dropped 10 to 15 pounds when he showed up for training camp this fall, it was clear that he

had become a dour workman. "Tiny was sullen and withdrawn when he fell on hard times," says Fitch. "He used to be able to drive down the middle of the lane and not meet more than one defensive player, but the game has changed since he left. Now you see more zones and static defenses, which meant that he was going to have to be more effective from around the perimeter."

It also meant that if Boston was going to key its fast-break offense to its defense, Archibald was going to have to

play defense rather than wait for the other team to shoot. He has done just that. This season the Celtics' passing offense has been so ruthlessly efficient at times that over a recent stretch of nine quarters, 92 of 113 Boston field goals came as a direct result of an assist. If that isn't some kind of an NBA record it probably ought to be.

To Auerbach it certainly seemed reason enough to light up another cigar. In Boston Garden people just breathed deeply and smiled.

END

Of the starters, only Cowens remains from the glory days. When he wears The Look—ravenous and slightly demented—both he and Boston are at their best.





In the fourth quarter, Sims, who averaged 8.8 yards a carry, battled Husker defenders all the way on a 73-yard run that set up the winning touchdown.

SIMS LIKE OLD TIMES AT NORMAN

In his final regular-season game, Billy Sims shredded Nebraska for 247 yards, leading Oklahoma to a win and the Orange Bowl

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer was at ease at home last Friday night, drinking a beer and gazing up at a Tiffany-style lamp inscribed "OU Sooners." Assessing his team's chances for the next day's game against undefeated Nebraska, he said, "We haven't played close to our offensive potential, and our defense clearly isn't as strong. We just don't have as many good players, and we're more likely to make mistakes than they are. Last year I thought we were the best team. This year Nebraska is."

So why was this man chucking? "Because it reminds me of 1976, when Nebraska had a better team," Switzer said. "Everybody knew it. Just before the game one of our players, Scotty Hill, gave a prayer and ended it by saying, 'And

Dear Lord, please don't let the best team win.'" Hill's prayer was answered that afternoon as the Sooners triumphed 20-17. "I'm praying," said Switzer, "for another miracle."

Sure enough, the miracle arrived the next day in the form of a lights-out performance by Sooner Running Back Billy Sims, who has had trouble this year living up to expectations after winning the Heisman in 1978 as a junior. Junior Quarterback Julius Caesar Watts, who also had a big day, chortled and said, "He was the old Billy Sims today, only better." True. He crashed for 247 yards in 28 carries against the hallowed Husker defense, which had been leading the nation by giving up only 67.2 rushing yards a game; Sims got 113 in the first

quarter. Which left Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne muttering, "I didn't think he could gain that many on us." Said Sims, "This is the first game all season I've really been pumped up for." When the scoreboard lights stopped blinking and the fan hysteria was put away for another year, Nebraska had been whipped 17-14 by an Oklahoma team that heretofore had been prone to make clunking sounds on Saturday afternoons.

Understand that even when Oklahoma (10-1) is not so good, it's still terrific. It's just that Switzer's mood goes sour when talk turns to fumbles (the Sooners fumbled 53 times this year and lost 36, a school record). But the machine purred on Saturday before a crowd of 71,187 in Norman, and so Oklahoma heads for the Orange Bowl and an encounter with undefeated Florida State. Nebraska goes to the Cotton Bowl for a far sterner test, against Arkansas or

Houston. When Oklahoma cornerback Mike Babb intercepted a Nebraska pass with 1:56 to play to squeeze the last bit of air from the Huskers, Sooners Assistant Coach Bobby Proctor jammed an orange into Babb's mouth. Seeing Proctor afterward, Babb shouted, "That sure tasted better than a cotton ball."

For Nebraska, however, the taste was especially bitter. This was the fourth time since 1964 that the Huskers had gone to Norman undefeated and returned to Lincoln defeated. The loss also meant that Oklahoma won the Big Eight title again, the seventh time in Switzer's seven years that his team has won or tied for the championship. Still, there was an element of equity, for in 1978 Nebraska beat Oklahoma to destroy the Sooners' national-championship hopes; this year the situation was reversed.

And the main reason for the Huskers' downfall was Sims. "I asked myself the other night how Sims could not get the Heisman again," Switzer said. "And I know the answer. It's because people have made him out to be more than he is. They expect him to rush for 200 yards every game, forgetting that 100 yards is a great, great day for anyone. Also, he makes it look too easy. A great play for him is just another ho-hum. There will never be another player like him at Oklahoma."

How does Billy describe his running style?

"I'm not sure."

"Amazing?"

"Yeah, that's it."

It certainly was on Saturday. Sims had sidled over to Switzer at Thursday's practice and promised, "Coach, I'll get this one." He set about backing up those words midway through the first quarter when, on a 23-belly play off right tackle, he glided 68 yards for a touchdown. But Split End Freddie Nixon was called for clipping—an attempted block Sims didn't even remotely need—and the run was reduced to 53 yards, the TD disallowed. Said Sims, "The hole was there. I hit it pretty quick, juke a guy and there I was—until disaster hit. I knew it was too good to be true." Worse, the Sooners were unable to crank up again and get any points on the board during that possession. But the vision of that run was proof anew that Assistant Coach Bill Shemek knew what he was doing back in 1975, when he spent 77 nights in a Texarkana

motel just to be close to Sims' home in Hooks, Texas and to get Billy to Norman.

With 11:33 to go in the half, Oklahoma finally got a 31-yard field goal by Michael Keeling and went ahead 3-0. But the Huskers came right back. Quarterback Jeff Quinn raced 24 yards up the middle to the Sooner 11, and then, on the next play, threw a scoring pass to Jarvis Redwine, who was all alone in the night flat. Nebraska led at halftime 7-3.

As the intermission ended, the Sooners ran out of the dressing room, each one slapping an overhead sign: **PLAY LIKE A CHAMPION TODAY.** Which they then did. With 10:35 left in the third period, Watts threw a 58-yard scoring pass to Tight End Forrest Valora. Said Valora, "I just smiled past the safety." That put Oklahoma in front for good.

Nebraska probably lost the game on discouraging back-to-back plays in the third quarter. After driving to the Sooner 18, the Huskers were stopped and kicker Dean Sukup was summoned to try a 35-yard field goal into a swirling wind; he missed to the right. On the next play Sims fumbled and Monster Mark LeRoy recovered on the Oklahoma 25. Again Nebraska could generate nothing.

All the while Sims was driving the Huskers crazy. It was fitting that early in the fourth quarter he made the game's decisive play—a 71-yard run off left tackle to the Nebraska 8. Again, he was the consummate football player who was born to run—even now, with a bruised and slightly gimpy right knee—doing what he was fated for. Said Watts, "When Sims gets into the secondary, it's a nightmare for them." Four plays later, running the option the way it looks on a chalkboard, Watts turned it up the middle for three yards and, as it so happened, the winning touchdown. "Any time you score points and throw a TD pass," said J.C., "you can go to the mirror and say, 'Look at me. I contributed.'"

Nebraska scored a little more than three minutes later on a gimmick play. Quinn took the snap from the center, then gently dropped the ball on purpose. That allowed Right Guard Randy Schleusener, who pulled, to come around, scoop up the "fumble" and go 15 yards for a touchdown. But Nebraska's hopes were shattered for good by the Babb interception, and when the game ended Sims went hollering into the locker room, "Which way to the beach?"

The frustration for Nebraska was enormous. The Huskers always seem to come into this game thinking they will win, while Oklahoma shows up certain it will. Defeat hurts all the more because the conservative Huskers—in the mold of Coach Tom Osborne—view the Sooners as a loosey-goosey, undisciplined group of ruffians. Says Switzer, "Being loose is not lack of discipline. It's being free to express themselves as individuals." No Sooner embraces that freedom more strongly than the coach himself.

Example: all year his offensive guards and tackles had been guilty of jumping offense. Abruptly last week Switzer called the linemen together, pulled a .38-caliber snub-nosed pistol from his pocket and proclaimed, "You guys have jumped offense for the last time." The players seemed to get the point. Joked Switzer later, "What they didn't know is it was loaded."

Meanwhile, the time is nearing when Billy Sims is going to help lead up some pro team, assuming he can whip his tendency to fumble, and that doesn't bother him all that much. "I fumbled in every game in high school," he says cheerfully.

So is he a star?

"Now, I'm just Billy Sims." Which is, of course, the same thing. **END**



Julius Caesar Watts went red-hot and red-hot again

LONESOME NO LONGER IN THE LONE STAR STATE

Once snubbed as losers by Texas' football sophisticates, the Houston Oilers stunned the stumbling Cowboys and won the state title **by RON REID**

It now has become perfectly clear why the Cowboys are known as "America's Team." Dallas, you see, simply doesn't want to be mentioned in the same breath with these 1979 Cowboys, not after the way they lost the championship of the Lone Star State to the Houston Oilers—Texas' Team—on Thanksgiving Day.

For more than a decade, braininess set the Cowboys apart from the NFL masses—and particularly the Oilers. No problem could withstand Tom Landry's computer. Gil Brandt's draft or the Cowboy mystique. Meanwhile, brainlessness kept the Oilers fogbound somewhere near Galveston. No problem was unfamiliar to Houston owner Bud Adams, mainly because he helped create most of them, or to his succession of head coaches, one of whom once announced, "This team is not going to take defeat standing up!"

Dallas went to five Super Bowls, and Cowboy fans carried their noses in the air. Houston went nowhere, finishing 1-13 in successive seasons, and Oilers fans hung their heads in shame. But last week at Texas Stadium it was the Cowboys who played like dunces and the Oilers who played like a team bound for the Super Bowl.

This is the season in which Dallas keeps forgetting that you are supposed to play the game with 11 men on the field. Not 10, as the Cowboys tried to do during a key play in their loss to the Washington Redskins two weeks ago. And definitely not 12, as they tried to do against the Oilers. That extra man proved fatal as Houston, instead of losing possession on a punt, turned the penalty against the Cowboys into a first down and then promptly scored on a 32-yard pass from Dan Pastorini to Ken Burroughs to win the game 30-24.

For the Oilers it was their fifth straight victory—their longest winning streak since 1962—and with a 10-3 record they share the AFC Central lead with Pittsburgh, which beat Cleveland 33-30 Sunday on Matt Bahr's overtime field goal at Three Rivers Stadium.

In shocking contrast, America's Team has lost three straight—its longest losing streak since 1974—and four of its last five. Worse still, the Cowboys have slipped to an 8-5 record and trail Philadelphia by one game in the race

for the NFC East championship, which the Cowboys have won six times in the 1970s. Landry's once-proud "Son of Doomsday" defense—now manumouthy linebacker Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson, who was canned by Landry a few days before the Houston game—has given up 95 points in the last three games, and the Cowboys have been outscored 123-84 in the last five.

If there is one simple reason for this Texas turnaround, it is that Houston has overcome most of its difficulties through patience, poise, shrewd drafting and sharp trading, while Dallas has acquired new problems on top of the old, unresolved ones. Another plus for the Oilers is the present healthy state of Pastorini.

The quarterback could not throw a football 10 yards in April or with any "zing" in September, but now he has almost fully recovered from an ailing right arm and has completed 27 of his last 44 pass attempts (61%) for 553 yards and five TDs. Over that span he had but a single interception. As a result, the Oiler offense, which had relied almost entirely on the running of Earl Campbell, is now a complete strike force.

"I really don't know exactly what it was," Pastorini says of his arm trouble, "but it scared the hell out of me. As I understand it, it was a viral infection of the nerve. My mobility was restricted, and still is somewhat, but not to the

point where I can't overcome it with the rest of the muscles in my arm. I'd say I'm about 98% right now."

As welcome as Pastorini's rejuvenation is to the Oilers, Campbell remains the main weapon. Assigned a staggering workload while the quarterback regained passing strength, Campbell has carried



the ball more often (297 times in 13 games), endured more tackles and punished more defenders than any other back in the NFL. After Campbell had hammered the Dallas defense for 195 yards, his best output of the season, and had scored on 61- and 27-yard runs, Cowboy Lineman Larry Cole said, "You can get a handle on Campbell, but the handle keeps breaking. It's amazing. You get your shoulder into his hip, and it seems like that hip is giving you a forearm."

Campbell leads the NFL with 1,346 yards rushing, 17 touchdowns and eight 100-yard games, but a better indication of his value to the Oiler offense is his short-

yardage performance. On second, third and fourth downs with less than three yards to go, Campbell has carried 63 times and gotten the first down 41 times.

One reason for Campbell's lusty stats is the superb blocking of Leon Gray, the offensive left tackle Houston obtained from New England last August for first- and sixth-round draft choices. The acquisition of Gray may turn out to be this season's smartest NFL deal, just as the deal that enabled Houston to draft Campbell No. 1 in 1978 was that year's slickest maneuver.

Gray has been the savior of an offensive line whose entire left side was wiped

out by injuries. Tackle Greg Sampson almost died of a cerebral blood clot in training camp, and less than two weeks later Guard George Reinhart and his backup, John Schuhmacher, went out with knee and back injuries, respectively. Had Gray not been acquired, Houston's running game would have been cut off at the handoff.

"Leon is probably the key to the whole year for us," says Houston Coach Bum Phillips. "It wouldn't have made any difference to me if we'd had to give up the very first choice in next year's draft. I'd have done it, because you're not going to get an All-Pro like him in *continued*

NFL rushing leader Earl Campbell (34) battered and bruised Dallas' once-foreverable defense for 195 yards, including touchdown runs of 61 and 27 yards





As Lendry lost the big one to Phillips, Henderson got an extra early start on the hunting season.



the first round, or anywhere. He's a smart player, too. He got in here on a Monday and played on Friday, and he's been playing ever since. Took him longer to learn our names than our system."

On defense, the Oilers, one of the first teams to adopt the three-man-rush line, have often used a four-man line and have made 44 sacks, six more than in all of 1978 and six short of the club record. Pass coverage has improved, too, with the installation of J. C. Wilson at cornerback and Vernon Perry, a free agent out of Canada, at strong safety. Mike Reinfieldt, the weak safety, needs but two more pass interceptions to tie the NFL record of 14 set by Night Train Lane in 1952. Dallas' entire defense has 11.

Houston has also gotten All-Pro fists from the foot of Toni Fritsch, the Austrian field-goal kicker with the countenance of a truck-stop bouncer. Fritsch has succeeded on 17 of 19 field-goal attempts, including nine of 10 from 40 yards or more. His kicking has provided the winning margin in four games. "Every time I see him go out on the field," Phillips says, "I'm grateful for our country's immigration laws." Phillips also is grateful that Dallas traded Fritsch to San Diego in 1976, and that the Chargers released him in 1977.

Refreshingly, the Oilers have been free of disharmony this year. There had been a feud—the cause of which apparently was more female than football—between Pastorini and Tight End Mike Barber, but it has ended amicably. Grumbling by the defense, once common in Houston, was heard again when the offense got only three Fritsch field goals in a victory at Miami, but now there is solid evidence that every phase of Houston's football is reaching a competitive peak—at the perfect time.

Meanwhile, Dallas has reached a competitive abyss. The most astotishing aspect of Team America's dour season is the manner in which the Cowboys have lost. Though the Oilers socked it to "Son of Doomsday" on Campbell's bone-crunching line smashes, it was that bone-headed mistake—of the sort Houston once held a patent on—that doomed Dallas. Known for the most scholarly offense in football, practitioners of Landry's Flex Defense, intellectual masters of the print-out game plan, the Cowboys now need remedial math when it comes to counting to 11.

In the Oiler game, Defensive Tackle

Dave Stalls, a member of the field-goal specialty unit, stayed in on fourth down after Houston, trailing 24-23 with eight minutes left, was stopped at the Dallas 37-yard line. But instead of attempting a field goal—which would have had to travel 54 yards—the Oilers punted. This was the wrong specialty situation for Stalls, who realized his error before the ball was snapped—"What are you doing here?" teammate Jay Saldi asked him—but had no way to get off the field in time. "When they lined up for that punt," he said, "it wasn't the greatest feeling I've ever had, I can tell you."

Yellow flags fell—and so did the Cowboys' spirits. Houston got five yards and a first down—and the game-winning touchdown followed immediately. On the next play Pastorini buried the shell-shocked Cowboys with a 32-yard scoring pass to Burrough, and then the Houston defense shut down Roger Staubach's passing game the rest of the way.

A zoologist who is pursuing his doctorate in the area of behavioral research on sharks, Stalls is one of the brightest Dallas players. His gaffe was equally the fault of Mike Ditka, the Dallas special teams coach, in his rage over the penalty, Ditka almost buried a clipboard in the Tartan Turf. Said Stalls, "I thought it was a field goal, that's all there is to it. I thought I saw Fritsch come out onto the field. When he went off, I don't know." In fact, Fritsch never came onto the field.

That kind of error used to be unthinkable in Dallas, where Landry and his staff work like bar-exam tutors preparing the Cowboys for every conceivable field situation but a volcanic eruption. The previous arithmetical goof came just four days before the Houston game, when Dallas was beaten by Washington 34-20. Redskins Quarterback Joe Theismann tossed a four-yard pass to John McDaniel for the first touchdown of the game. The distance obviously was nothing much, but neither were the Cowboys as they defended with 10 men.

Nor has the correct number always worked for Dallas as it used to. In a Monday night game against Philadelphia, back-to-back Dallas penalties unworthy of Phu Betes—defensive holding on a punt, and offside on a field goal—enabled the Eagles to 1) Save a drive on the verge of extinction and 2) Disdain a field-goal try and go for a touchdown pass. Philadelphia won the game 31-21.

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And Paffare Henderson has helped Dallas not at all. His varying degrees of intensity had made him at once one of the NFL's most unreliable and most exciting players, because he often backed up his brags with truly dazzling performances. Henderson was colorful, and that may have been enough to ensure a short career as a Cowboy. But the Mouth That Roared through Super Bowl week last January finally reached the breaking point with Landry, who fired him the day after the Washington loss.

During a season in which he had performed erratically and, by his own admission, had been warned about his poor play 10 times by Landry, Henderson was at his worst in the Redskins game. That's how Landry rated both his play on the field and his TV mugging on the sidelines, where Hollywood appeared to be happily hot-dogging while his team was going down to a costly defeat.

After that game Henderson was confronted by Assistant Coach Jerry Tubbs, who told him, "Henderson, that sideline stuff out there wasn't too smart." Henderson, it is understood, reacted with a string of curses, shouting, "Trade me, you [bleeps], trade me, trade me."

The next day Henderson was called into Landry's office and told, "Thomas, it's reached a point where I don't think you can start for me anymore, and if you can't start, I don't think you can play. I'm going to put you on waivers. Somebody will pick you up, either San Francisco [1-12] or Detroit [2-11]." Henderson told Landry he didn't want to leave Dallas for a "low-echelon" team and would sooner retire.

"Coach, I knew this was coming," he said, "but not so soon. I worked my butt off for you for five years and this is what I get for it. But a lot of pressure has been taken off me. I'm still the greatest linebacker, bar none."

Later, in reference to his dismissal, Henderson said, "I'm surprised there wasn't a boycott or a march on downtown Dallas to protest it."

In the days that followed, none of the Cowboys seemed terribly concerned about Henderson's sudden departure, and at Thursday's game not one of the banners or signs adorning Texas Stadium advocated his cause. The strongest personal reaction came from D. D. Lewis, the Cowboys' right linebacker. Lewis had never applauded Hollywood's act and was glad to see him go. On TV, Lewis said



Shanahan threw for two touchdowns, but at the end the Oilers put the clamps on the Cowboy receivers

Henderson was a distraction and that he had fallen asleep in team meetings.

Henderson's response was vintage Hollywood. "The only publicity he's ever gotten," Henderson said of Lewis, "is when he's talking about me. He has no class and he's making me have no class talking about him. It's really a shame when you stab a man when he's dead. His red neck is showing. Believe me, he has had trouble staying awake in those boring team meetings, too."

Then Hollywood warned to his subject. "He's the dullest Cowboy who ever played," he said. "He's slow and old and no good. He can't cover backs out of the backfield. He's just trying to say the right things to impress Landry so he can keep his job. Mike Hegman should have been

starting for him for three years now."

As a final word, Henderson cracked, "Right now, I'm glad I'm gone. I don't have to practice."

Dispiriting as the recent past has been, the Cowboys at least are in a position to take sole charge of their postseason fate, because they close out the regular season in division battles with the Giants, Eagles and the hated Redskins, with only the Philadelphia game on the road. Landry sounded optimistic on Thanksgiving night. "We've still got a chance," he said. "The toughest thing is that everybody expects us to turn it around. There's no guarantee we're going to turn it around. It's got to be done on the field."

And, remember Tom, only with 11 men at a time.

END

Given strong protection, Pastorini also threw for two touchdowns, including the game-winning score



IT'S A

by Curry Kirkpatrick



HAPPENING

That's the difference between college and pro hoops, says the author, just back from exile in the NBA and lovin' it



CONTINUED

No matter. I loved it. The player I remember most from my childhood was Easy Ed Macauley of the St. Louis U. Billkens. Easy Ed, Billkens. What marvelous names.

When my family moved to Upstate New York I became a fan of what was then known as the Little Three—Canisius, St. Bonaventure and Niagara. Especially of the Purple Eagles of Niagara: Al Butler, Kenny Glenn, the great Sal Verpopia. Hubie Brown was in there somewhere—yes, the same guy who coaches the Atlanta Hawks—and Alex (Boo) Ellis. I loved that name, too. Alex (Boo) Ellis. In a warmup at Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium one night, Jumpin' Joe Caldwell of Arizona State threw down a 360-degree, behind-the-head, backwards, sideways, triple-pumping, outrageously impossible monster basket. It was the first dunk shot I remember, and neither Dr. J nor Mr. Dawkins has come close to it yet.

In college at North Carolina I got into the game heavy. In college at North Carolina one usually does. This was Tobacco Road, the home of the Big Four: Wake Forest with Bones McKinney, Len Chappell and somebody named Billy Packer, Duke with Vac Bubas, Art Heyman and Jeff Mullins, N.C. State with the fading legend, Everett Case. I came in at Chapel Hill with Dean Smith and left with Billy Cunningham. Frank McGuire, briefly out of coaching, lived down the lane. Al McGuire was over at Belmont Abbey. Lefty Driesell was at Davidson. You get the picture. Oh yes. There was a guy with a great name at North Carolina too. Yogi Poteet. You know I had to love Yogi Poteet.

Moving right along. I'm not sure I didn't become a sports journalist only so I could go to the NCAA finals every year. Annually moving around the land; bringing together four teams whose style, personnel and geographical and cultural backgrounds are vastly dissimilar; evoking the spectacle of the Big Time amid down-home rooters and infectious college spirit. The final four, I firmly believe, endures as the most beguiling of all sports events. Because of it, my love affair with college basketball continued unabated.

Trivia? I used to have it all down. Let's see. The one-game college rebound record? Why Bill Chambers, of course. Fifty-one boards for William & Mary against Virginia in 1953. Bill Chambers told me that himself. Texas Western's national champions? Easy. Bobby Joe Hill, Orsten Artis, David Lattin, Nevil (The Shadow) Shed, Harry Flournoy, Willie Cager, Willie Worsley. I didn't look, honest. The eighth man, a white guy, was Jerry Armstrong. Actually, this question is not difficult inasmuch as the Miners of 1965-66 remain one of my favorite teams. How about UCLA's victims in the NCAA finals? How about Duke, Michigan, Dayton, North Carolina, Purdue, Jacksonville, Vacated (hah! you don't want any part of me, folks), Florida State, Memphis State and Kentucky?

Over the endless years of UCLA dominance there was still a fascination about college basketball. Who could beat the Bruins? Who could even get there to beat them? When David Thompson and North Carolina State finally did it in 1974, it was not only the end of the college game's final dynasty but also the beginning of the sport's breakthrough into wonderland, i.e., national television.

TV always said the college game was too slow, too small, too provincial to be aired on a regular basis. Then NBC discovered that attractive regional games drew big numbers, the network began pitting off intersectional foes—this season DePaul-UCLA, Indiana-North Carolina, Louisville-St. John's, Kentucky-Las Vegas, among others—and it turned the UCLA-Notre Dame rivalry into a national mania. The 1979-80 season will be only the fifth season of Saturday regional and Sunday national college games, but the NCAA ratings simply dwarf those of the longer-established NBA on CBS. It is nice to know I'm not alone.

One last snipe before I quit. I think I appreciate how talented the pros are, but I am less than enthralled with a game that has no place for an Ernie DiGregorio, who may be short and slow but is also as smart, as creative and as exciting a player as ever made a team—pick your level. This is the crux of the matter. In college the game is coached and played the way it was meant to be; talent isn't the dominant factor.

John Stroud of Mississippi and Ron Baxter of Texas are the DiGregorios for this winter. While the 6' 7" Stroud can't run and is only a fair leaper, he is an exquisite shooter and a player who fits into the Ole Miss system just so; he could lead the nation in scoring. Meanwhile, the pudgy 6' 4" Baxter has returned to Austin after having shed 25 pounds. "Now all Baxter looks like is Stan Laurel," says his coach, Art Lemons. Now all Baxter must do is get his basketball body down the lane... score... and win.

What team can win it all? Well, maybe Ohio State or Georgetown or Missouri. Perhaps Toledo or Virginia Tech or Texas A&M. I've got all kinds of wide-open ideas for the wide-open new season, and another magnificent all-name team too: Job Hung of Whittier, Singh Guram of Jacksonville, Naylor Monk of Drake, Forrest Junck of Coastal Carolina, Dud Tongal of Fordham. You can look 'em up.

During my sabbatical from the college game I missed all this scramble and speculation, all these dark horses and names. I missed Al McGuire's farewell. I missed Larry Bird and Magic. I even missed Bobby Knight. The other day I called up Curtis Franklin, the Boot Head from Indiana State, to ask him about his famous silver clothopper. I told him he was my idol, my hero. I told him I use the phrase "Boot 'em outta here" all the time now, which I do. I told him he was my favorite alltime fan since the Duke guy who used to dress up as Bozo the Clown and harass Maryland's red-haired Bozo lookalike, Jim O'Brien, during the warmups.

Boot Head said that was all very wonderful but that he had been graduated from Indiana State last spring. Oh no, I said. Not to worry, Boot Head said. As Indiana State's President Richard Landini gave him his diploma, Boot Head handed over the boot to the president to use again this season. Right there at graduation the senior class chanted "Boot Head! Boot Head!" for a solid minute.

I thanked Curtis Franklin profusely and hung up, because now everything was quite perfect. Great heavenly days, the silver boot was back in college basketball. And so was I.

BRINGING TRAFFIC TO A

STOP

Mike O'Koren

ROAD
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RUTGER
54

NORTH
31

CAUTION

SYRACUSE
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Kelvin Troy

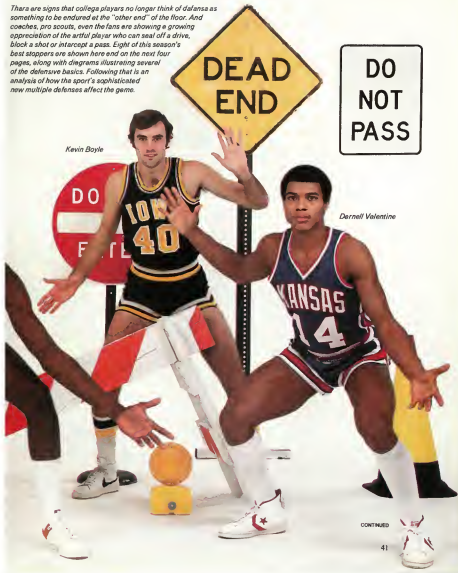
Roosevelt Bowie



There are signs that college players no longer think of defense as something to be endured at the "other end" of the floor. And coaches, pro scouts, even the fans are showing a growing appreciation of the artful player who can seal off a drive, block a shot or intercept a pass. Eight of this season's best stoppers are shown here and on the next four pages, along with diagrams illustrating several of the defensive basics. Following that is an analysis of how the sport's sophisticated new multiple defenses affect the game.

Kevin Boyle

Darnell Valentine

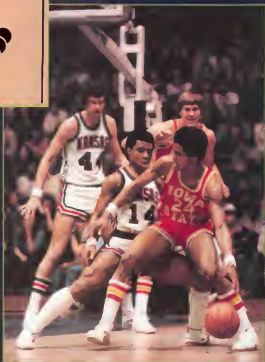


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HOLD YOUR PLACE

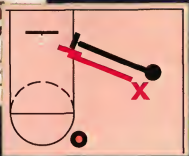
Darnell Valentine of Kansas demonstrates the most fundamental skill of good man-to-man defense, the ability to achieve and maintain an aggressive position—one that limits an opponent's options—against the man with the ball. Valentine forces Iowa State's Andrew Parker to the right of the key (see diagram) and stops him from penetrating all the way to the basket. As a result, Parker must stop his dribble and pass to an open man.



DENY THE BALL



Mississippi's Elston Turner is trying to "deny the ball," which is one of the most difficult of defensive assignments. Turner must be constantly aware of the location of the ball, of Alabama's Reggie King (52) and of the passing lanes to King inside. When King makes his cut toward the basket (diagram), Turner must not only move right with him, but he must also keep an eye on the ball and extend a hand to discourage or deflect the pass.



KNOW YOUR OPPONENT

Iowa's Kevin Boyle (X) always tries to be conscious of his man's options. In the example pictured and diagrammed here, Boyle knows that Ohio State's Carter Scott (15) may want to dribble toward the baseline because he is lefthanded, try an outside shot (yellow line) or pass to Jim Smith (23), who has set up near the basket.



BLOCK HIM OUT

Illinois' Neil Bresnahan knows that blocking out, or gaining the inside position, is usually more important in rebounding than height or jumping ability. As Michigan State shoots from outside, Bresnahan uses a reverse pivot (diagram) to take the inside position away from Spartan Ron Charles.





EVERYBODY HELPS

Rudy Woods of Texas A&M is able to block the shot of New Mexico's Larry Belin because of a team effort. A&M's 2-3 zone (diagram) prevents the ball from going to the Lobos' best outside shooter, who is standing in the left corner, and funnels a drive in to Woods.



PUTTING A LID ON THE BASKET

by LARRY KEITH

Tweeeeeeeeet!

"O.K., everybody, stop shooting, come over here and listen up. You've had your fun. Now we're going to work on defense."

"Defense? Ah, coach, we don't want to play no defense. We want to score, coach. How about a little four-on-one fast-break action?"

"No, not now, men. It's time to work on the Big D. Switching. Double-teaming. Getting back. Slide-stepping. Taking the charge."

"Hey, coach, I just remembered I've got a term paper to write. Check you later."

"Uh, coach, the trainer says I shouldn't work too hard because of my injured knee . . . er, elbow. I better sit this drill out."

"You guys stay right where you are. It doesn't do any good to score 100 points if the other team scores 101."

"But, coach, I can't get no pub' playing defense. I can't get no girls, either. And what about my pro contract? I think I'll just slide-step over there and work on my running-twisting-bring-the-

crowd-to-its-feet slam dunk. I'm a star, coach. Stars don't play no defense."

Although this attitude surely exists among some players, it is definitely not shared by the five young men striking defensive poses on pages 40 and 41. They're stoppers, and they're proud of it. On the average, they each scored an unspectacular 13.8 points a game last season but played important roles on teams that won

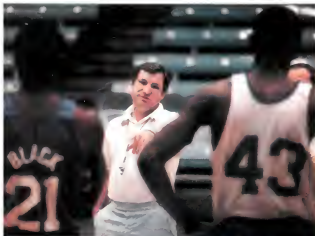
74.1% of their games. They were brought together to emphasize a fact generally lost on most followers of the game: good defense is at least as important as good offense.

In a book to be published next spring, Coach Dean Smith of North Carolina writes, "Basketball's offensive skills are easily recognized by the press and spectators. Unfortunately, defensive dedication goes unnoticed. We try to offset this by constantly praising (both publicly and privately) good defensive play. I rarely find it necessary to mention our leading scorer during a postgame interview. Instead, I make it a point to highlight players whose defensive performances helped our team. Our players are also tangibly rewarded for their defensive efforts with playing time."

Smith is not alone in recognizing that defense has a serious public-relations problem. "Defense is the dirty work of basketball," says Illinois Coach Lou Henson. Rutgers' Tom Young adds, "Nobody notices a defensive player unless he's stealing the ball—that is, nobody except his coach, his teammates and the guy he's guarding."

Good defensive players are invariably the result of good defensive coaching, because, unlike hotshot scorers, they are made, not born. Over the years, the most successful defensive coaches have included man-to-man tacticians like Hank Iba of Oklahoma A&M and Pete Newell of California, and zone specialists like Harry Litwak of Temple and UCLA's John Wooden, who popularized a devastating 1-2-1-1 zone press. Current coaches often cited for their defensive acumen are Smith, Indiana's Bobby Knight, Princeton's Pete Carril, Oregon State's Ralph Miller and Michigan State's Jud Heathcote. The Spartans won the NCAA championship in Salt Lake City last March with a 2-3 matchup zone—which differs from a standard zone in that the man with the ball is guarded much more aggressively—just when detractors of the zone, and they are legion these days, were about convinced it could not be done. Lou Henson calls it "the best zone I've ever seen."

For all their expertise, few of these coaches would agree on the best defense



Like a professor in class, Smith lectures Jeremy Black and John Virgil on his pet subject—defense.

to play or the best way it should be taught. But they probably would concur with Joe Lapchick, the late St. John's coach, who once wrote, "The 'great' teams, the teams that win championships, are those that play good defense. And the coaches of the great teams are dedicated to the teaching of defensive play." Lapchick felt that a good defensive player possessed "pride, desire, determination, hustle, alertness, aggressiveness and resourcefulness in applying continuous concentration."

These are precisely the attributes of the players pictured on the preceding pages. Darnell Valentine of Kansas is so adept at defense that his coach, Ted Owens, encourages him to "disrupt the other team's entire offense. He's free to gamble when he wants, switch off, double-team and defend away from the ball. We want him to use his exceptional sense of anticipation to go for steals and interceptions." Valentine, a personable 6' 2" junior enrolled in pre-law, takes to the task with gusto. "Defense is something you have to be determined to play every game," he says, "and a good defensive player should never have a bad one. When I take another man's rock [ball] one-on-one in the open court, that says I'm doing my job better than he is."

Valentine has become so proficient at making steals—he led the Big Eight with 3.1 per game last season—he has heard opponents tell him, "I'm not going to let you steal it from me." Valentine's answer is usually a swipe of the hand, a quick dribble and a layup to the other end.

While Valentine specializes in the steal, Roosevelt Bouie of Syracuse prefers the blocked shot. The 6' 11" senior center is an enigma sort until he steps on the court. Then he turns tiger. He rejected 81 last season and was the foundation of Coach Jim Boeheim's defense. "With Rosie, our philosophy has been to overplay people and gamble on going for the ball," Boeheim says. "We know Roosevelt is back there to keep people out of the path to the basket and to block shots."

Whether they are chasing the ball in the backcourt or rejecting it in the middle, all outstanding defenders are motivated by pride and driven by determination. "If I get scored on, it bothers me," says Rutgers Guard Kelvin Troy, a 6' 5" junior whose ebullience is such that an opponent's field goal may be the only

thing that gets his goat. Iowa Forward Kevin Boyle, a 6' 6" sophomore, reflects his characteristic maturity when he says, "Hustle and determination are what set defensive players apart."

Rudy Woods of Texas A&M is so serious about his defense that the 6' 11" sophomore center has been known to wag his finger at any opponent foolish enough to challenge him inside. But, of course, this may also have something to do with his brash personality. Even as a freshman, Woods didn't lack confidence on either end of the court.

Neil Bresnahan of Illinois, a 6' 6" senior forward whose six older brothers all played in college, may not be as demonstrative as Woods, but Henson says his "burning desire to excel" is his most important defensive trait. Even more significant than his quickness, strength, court savvy and his natural intelligence—anything.

Mississippi's Elston Turner also thrives on difficult defensive challenges. The junior forward is often asked to match his 6' 5" height against much taller opponents.

Although fans may think that steals and blocks are the most important aspects of good defense, they are by no means the best measures of defensive success—nor, in fact, is the number of points a team allows. A ball-control team will invariably surrender fewer points than one that plays a fast-paced offense, because a slow-down attack allows the opposition less possession time and, consequently, fewer opportunities to score. Most coaches prefer to judge their team's defense either by the opponents' field-goal shooting percentage or by their squad's scoring margin. The first statistic indicates a team's ability to force bad shots and contest good ones; the second takes into consideration the pace of the game.

An NCAA study put three defense-related stats into perspective by measuring the winning percentages of the top 25 teams in each category over a 10-season period. The 25 teams allowing the fewest average points won 63.3% of their games; the 25 with the best field-goal defense won 68.1%; and the 25 with the widest scoring margin won 73.7%. Only six teams rank in all three of the categories: Princeton, Marquette, UCLA, South Carolina, Toledo and Pennsylvania.

North Carolina deserves a place among the top defensive teams, although

it does not rate high in two of the defensive categories. The figures produced by the NCAA show that, under Smith, the Tar Heels rank fourth in winning percentage and third in scoring margin, but a distant 59th in scoring defense and—unbelievable for a strong team—119th in field-goal defense. Nevertheless, coaches agree that North Carolina is excellent defensively, although this fact tends to be obscured statistically by its style of play.

Smith is a creator of new ideas and a popularizer of old ones. (You've no doubt heard of the four-corners offense.) In his 18 seasons he has won 75.2% of his games, which ranks him third among active coaches, and 16 ACC regular-season and tournament titles. His teams have reached the final four a total of five times. His 1971 Tar Heels won the NIT, and in 1976 he coached the U.S. to an image-restoring Olympic gold medal. Those are terrific credentials, but what've they got to do with defense?

A lot, because defense has been the cornerstone of the Tar Heels' success. "Smith is known for his offensive innovations," says Kansas' Owens, "but he teaches fine defense and gets results that are doubly impressive because he runs a quick-hitting offense, too." In fact, many a talented player has languished on the North Carolina bench because he failed to master Smith's defensive principles, and others have risen to stardom mainly because they did. The case studies are numerous: Walter Davis, the NBA Rookie of the Year two seasons ago, did not start his first six games as a Tar Heel freshman because he was slow to learn defense. On the other hand, Bobby Jones and John Kuester were recruited more for their defensive ability than anything else, and both have gone on to the NBA. But the ultimate defense success story at North Carolina was Dudley Bradley, who may have set a record last year when the Indiana Pacers chose him and his 9.2-point scoring average in the first round of the NBA draft.

The Tar Heels' latest star defender is Mike O'Koren, a 6' 8" senior whom Smith calls the best all-round forward in the country. Last summer O'Koren started on the U.S.A.'s championship Pan-American team, and last season he led North Carolina in rebounds and assists, was second to Bradley in steals, with 46, and scored 14.8 points a game on 52%
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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

shooting from the field and 77% from the foul line. O'Koren brings savvy and dedication to his defensive play, not to mention the wholesome attitude that "defense is fun." He is particularly adept at what Smith calls "junk" defenses, like the run-and-jump. In that maneuver O'Koren leaves his man and rushes over to surprise the ball handler while that man's original defender moves on to someone else.

The run-and-jump—or "30"—defense is one of four in North Carolina's repertoire. The others are a pressure man-to-man, which is the primary defense, a zone and a combination man-to-man and double-teaming zone press. All come with variations and can be unleashed at any of three different places on the floor. "When you prepare to play North Carolina," says Young, whose Rutgers team must do just that this season, "you're going to have to handle just about every defense there is in basketball."

Generally, Smith prefers man-to-man after missed field goals, lost jump balls and steals; zones on inbounds plays underneath the defensive basket; and full-court pressure just about anytime. The quarterback on the floor calls any one of three predetermined defenses after a made field goal (not four, because Smith learned the hard way that too great a choice sometimes led to multiple defenses being played simultaneously).

Before Smith introduces a new technique to his team he usually holds a dry run at his summer camp. "I figure that if the 12- and 13-year-olds can pick it up, it shouldn't be too difficult for us," he says. That is where Smith's "40" defense originated. It starts out as a man, changes to the run-and-jump and moves on to a 2-2-1 zone press. Once a defensive technique becomes a regular part of the Tar Heels' game, Smith waits at least another year before divulging its intricacies at clinics.

Of course, there are hazards in this system. Smith admits that "we can't execute our secondary defenses as well as we do our primary one." And in 1973-74 he became so caught up in multiple-choice defenses that he tried to do too much. "I overcoached that year," he says.

Iowa Coach Luke Oison calls Smith "the greatest exponent of multiple defenses" in the country. And he's right, because Smith has been teaching the concept since the early '60s, longer than any other coach. Now that multiple de-

continued

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fenses are the vogue, the days when a team used an old reliable defense throughout the game and fell back on a press only in moments of desperation are fast disappearing. But not without great opposition. John Wooden feels "the more defenses you try to play increases the likelihood that none of them are going to be strong." Bobby Knight still clings to his tenacious man-to-man, forswearing all others. Clemson's Bill Foster prefers the man-to-man, too, although he sometimes uses what he calls an "alumni zone" to satisfy the coaches in the stands.

Among the other leading coaches who use a multiple-defense system are Olson and Notre Dame's Digger Phelps. "If you play only one defense, you can play it very well," says Olson, "but if you meet a team that can kill that particular defense, you're in trouble." Phelps recalls winning an NCAA tournament game against DePaul in 1978 because the Blue Demons failed to recognize a defensive switch. "We shifted to a 1-3-1 zone, and they didn't pick it up right away," Phelps says. "We went up about 12 points before they adjusted and easily won what had been a tough game."

Smith has long favored multiple defenses, because he believes in "change just for the sake of change. That way the defense dictates to the offense, forcing the other team to adjust, instead of the reverse. It's like the baseball pitcher who mixes in off-speed stuff with his fastball. It keeps the batter guessing."

Even Smith's primary defense, the man-to-man, runs contrary to some old defensive tenets, but he feels adjustments were needed to keep up with basketball's advancing offensive skills. Instead of forcing play into the middle of the court, Carolina pressures to the outside. Instead of positioning himself in the classical manner between his man and the basket, a Tar Heel defender plays between his man and the ball, a tactic called "overplaying." Instead of emphasizing individual responsibility, Smith demands team play, helping out. "When we grade an individual's defensive performance," Smith says, "we do it on the basis of his execution of principles and not his man's scoring total."

With proper execution, North Carolina's man-to-man disrupts the other team's offense by drawing charging fouls or by forcing turnovers that lead to fast breaks. If the pace becomes too tiring, a

Carolina player is allowed to take himself out of the game and, when he feels rested, put himself back in. Smith calls this accelerated style "taking the offensive on defense."

By constantly gambling on defense and looking for the fast break on offense, the Tar Heels inevitably give up a lot of points and a lot of easy baskets. But the freewheeling style also leads to numerous steals and fast-break baskets, making North Carolina first in the country in field-goal percentage over the last 10 years. "Our defensive philosophy complements the type of overall tempo we usually like to establish and is designed to help us achieve our total objectives," Smith says.

Characteristically, Smith defines his team's offensive and defensive aims differently than most other coaches. Rather than judge the Tar Heels' performance by the score of the game, he uses a "points per possession" ratio he devised while an assistant coach under Bob Spear at the Air Force Academy in the mid-50s. To Smith, a team's offensive and defensive output depends on the number of opportunities it has to score or be scored upon.

The perfectly executed offense would result in an average of two points per possession and the perfect defense would hold a team scoreless. Of course, such perfection is not possible against major college competition; in fact, Smith has computed that .85 points per possession (ppp) constitutes good offense and .75 ppp is good defense. Even though Smith had one of his best defensive teams ever last season—giving up little more than 65 points per game—the Tar Heels met his tough defensive standard only seven times. In the last three seasons, North Carolina's defense allowed .75 ppp or less in 27 games—and won them all—while its opponents attained that figure only twice, winning once.

By Smith's reckoning, the Tar Heels played bad defense last year while beating North Carolina State 70-69 and Wake Forest 76-69, because the defense allowed the opposition .87 and .82 ppp, respectively. When North Carolina does hold an opponent to .75 ppp, the defense is good, no matter what the final score. For example, it once beat Louisville 105-91 but allowed only .73 ppp. The Tar Heels played a whale of a defensive game, but, as usual, all anyone wanted to talk about afterward was the offense.

CONTINUED

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16. \$3250.
17. \$6250.
18. \$325.
19. \$2400.
20. \$3000.
21. \$3325.
22. \$850.
23. \$3400.
24. \$2372.
25. \$6600.
26. \$11,000.
27. \$825.
28. \$4650.
29. \$1050.
30. \$525.



THE TOP 20

INDIANA

1 The latest news out of Bloomington, Ind. is that there is only good news in Bloomington, Ind. No Indiana player has been kicked off the team for smoking marijuana, and none has asked to transfer. And Coach Bobby Knight is still miles away from the long arm of Puerto Rican justice. So for now, at least, the Hoosiers are all present and accounted for, and assuming they remain that way, they should win the NCAA championship in March.

This is not an overpowering Indiana team like the one that blitzed through an unbeaten season to the national title in 1976. But it is considerably better than the one that won the NIT last March. Forward Mike Woodson is the best of five returning starters, and Guard Isiah Thomas leads a corps of five outstanding freshmen. Knight's pronouncements on the two players bear repeating. Woodson, he has said, is "the best player in the history of college basketball not to make even honorable mention All-America"; and Thomas, he has declared, is "the best player I've ever recruited."

Indiana has the ideal complement for these quick, active scorers in sturdy Center Ray Tolbert. Last year Tolbert was second to Woodson in scoring and the first among the Hoosiers in rebounding and he shared MVP honors in the NIT with teammate Butch Carter. Then in July Tolbert joined Woodson and Thomas on the U.S. team that Knight coached to the Pan American Games gold medal in Puerto Rico.

Knight did one of his finest coaching jobs last season, despite a roster depleted by the transfer of numerous players at recent years and his decision in December to kick out three Hoosiers, including a starter, for allegedly smoking marijuana. After 17 games Indiana had a four-game losing streak, a 9-8 record and dismal prospects. But it rallied dramatically, earning an NIT bid and winning the tournament championship with victories over conference rivals Ohio State and Purdue in the final two games. "I've never been happier for a group of kids," Knight said afterward.

Now he's happy that they are all back. The leading scorer will again be Woodson, who has never missed a game and has a 19.9-point career average. Tolbert and Landon Turner are the other frontcourt starters, and there is excellent depth in junior Steve Riley, freshman Steve Boushie and two players coming off injuries, Ted Kitchel and Glen Grunwald.

Thomas is trying to crack a backcourt that already features Carter and Randy Witman. Thomas should eventually replace Wit-

man, although Knight has cautioned, "Isiah's got a certain degree of carelessness that I don't like." As everyone knows, Knight detests carelessness almost as much as he does Puerto Rican policemen and American sportswriters.

Last year's experience will no doubt help the Hoosiers in they fight their way through a tough non-conference schedule that includes Kentucky, Toledo and North Carolina and then the treacherous Big Ten round robin. But after the finals are played in nearby Indianapolis, this team, like the 1976 Indiana squad, probably will have proved that being the best team in the Big Ten will also mean you are the best in the country. And in Bloomington, Ind. that is always the most welcome news of all.

OHIO STATE

2 Despite all the preseason talk in Columbus of a national championship, Buckeye Guard Kelvin Ramsey insists that the present excitement pales compared to that of the moment two years ago when 6'10" Herb Williams decided to go to Ohio State. "Right then and there I knew the losing would stop and the winning would start," Ramsey says.

Sure enough, the Buckeyes went from 9-18 before Williams to 16-11 and then 19-12 with him. Now Ohio State just may have, as Ramsey says, "the best talent in the country."

The dozen or so Buckeye fans who camped outside of St. John's Arena for a week before season tickets went on sale certainly think so. And with good reason. OSU retains four starters and seven of the top eight scorers from last year's NIT semifinalists. Ramsey, who poured in 21.4 points a game on 54.7% shooting in 1978-1979, is the only senior in a starting lineup that includes Williams, a dominating center, especially on defense, and two other juniors, Forward Jim Smith and Guard Carter Scott.

But it is a big man who wasn't there last season who makes the difference. He is freshman Clark Kellogg, who will step into the last starting spot. Kellogg is expected to make full use of the skills that not only made him one of the nation's best high school players but also have put him on some preseason All-America teams even before his first college game.

"We try and downplay freshmen here," an OSU aide says, "but there's really no way to do that in Clark's case." The 6'8", 225-pound Kellogg will start at forward, but don't be surprised if Coach Eldon Miller occasionally puts him in the backcourt, a la Magic Johnson. If so, Miller could then bring in another freshman, 6'10" Granville Waiters, whose high school team beat Kellogg's for the Ohio AAA championship last season. Also expected to make strong contributions are another freshman, Guard Larry Huggins, junior Guard Todd Penn and three-year letterman Jim Ellinghausen, a forward.

"The trick will be making all this talent work together," says Ramsey. That, of course, is Miller's job, and he sure likes what he's seen at practices, which have been closed to the public "to eliminate all the distractions," he says.

"It's too early to tell about anyone's team, but we're pleased that others think so highly of ours," Miller deadpans. "We'll be good, but how good only time will tell. Talk makes no difference; sooner or later you have to go out and get it done—and that's what we'd like to do, go out and get it done."

Which is exactly what Ohio State will have to do. Besides a non-conference schedule that includes Virginia, Tennessee and Louisville, the Buckeyes' first three Big Ten games are against conference powers Indiana, Purdue and Iowa.

But Miller is not overly worried about the prospect of a rocky start in the conference. "Every team in the Big Ten will be good,"

he says "You can't play favorites or worry about a particular game." Chances are Miller is right, and even if his Buckeyes are nipped for the Big Ten title, they are likely to get a rematch with the conference champ in Indianapolis.

NORTH CAROLINA

3 From the gift shops on Franklin Street to the outback dorms of South Campus, bumper stickers are popular items in Chapel Hill, N.C. Smug provincialists prefer the one that reads: IF GOD ISN'T A TAR HEEL, THEN WHY IS THE SKY CAROLINA BLUE? Scooners of North Carolina's biggest rivals favor: WAKE IS FAKE, DUKE IS PUKE, BUT THE SCHOOL I HATE IS N.C. STATE. Recently a new sticker has been vying for space on car bumpers and bulletin boards. Its message: UNC IS WORTHY OF A NCAA CHAMPIONSHIP. Never mind that an NCAA championship would read better; the meaning is what matters. Observers who know basketball believe that freshman James Worthy can join four starters from last year's ACC champions and make North Carolina No. 1 in the nation.

Ordinarily, a player must wait a while before he attains bumper-sticker status, but Worthy has made it before his first game. Indeed, he has done it even though he has yet to win a starting position. But that should not take too long because the 6'8" high school All-America from Gastonia, N.C. seems to have the inside scoring and rebounding skills the Tar Heels need. "Worthy has all the tools. He's ready to go," says senior Forward Mike O'Koren. "He fits in real well."

When Worthy showed up on campus he was not your typical freshman with a map in one hand and a guidebook in the other. He had already sipped water from the Old Well, heard the chimes of the Bell Tower and played on the hardwood of Carmichael Auditorium as a three-year veteran of Coach Dean Smith's summer basketball camp.

This does not mean, of course, that Worthy is exempt from chasing loose balls with the other freshmen or that he commands immediate seating at the newly opened Four Corners Restaurant. For that matter, Smith himself was turned away both the first and second times he tried, and he's the guy who invented the four corners offense.

Worthy can ease in gradually because the Tar Heels are loaded with experience. The only starter missing from last season's 23-6 team is defensive dynamo Dudley Bradley O'Koren, an All-America, is the best player, and junior Swingman Al Wood, the leading scorer—17.8 points a game on 57% shooting—was an All-ACC first-team selection last spring. Senior Dave Colscott is on hand to run the offense, although he is being pressed in the backcourt by sophomore Jimmy Black. The center will probably be senior Rich Yonakor, who shared the position last season with Jeff Wolf and Pete Busko, who are still around, too. If that is not enough depth and

talent, throw in last season's top reserve, senior John Virgil, and freshman Guard Jim Braddock. "I think we'll be very good," says Smith, who is never one to overstate his team's chances. "We're a legitimate contender for the NCAA championship."

Of course, the preview outlook always seems bright at North Carolina. "When you're practicing, losing doesn't even cross your mind," says Wood. If the Tar Heels are genuine contenders, they will find out very early. A killer December schedule includes the Big Four tournament with Duke, North Carolina State and Wake Forest, non-conference games against Indiana and Detroit and an eight-team international tournament in London. If Carolina survives that transoceanic grind, the entire team might be worthy of a bumper sticker.

NOTRE DAME

4 The Irish have certainly had their moments during Coach Digger Phelps' eight seasons in South Bend. They've knocked off a 29-0 San Francisco team, stopped an 81-game Marquette home-court winning streak and done all sorts of mean things to UCLA. They have even made it to No. 1 a couple of times themselves. But while they've spent the better part of a decade cutting down nets, they've never won college basketball's greatest prize, an NCAA title. "It's all anybody ever asks me about anymore," says Phelps, "which is understandable, I guess, since it's the only thing we haven't won." Notre Dame seemed to have a real crack at the championship in 1975, but the NBA lured away John Shumate and Gary Brinkley just when it appeared they might team with Adrian Dantley to win it all. And ever since Shumate left, Notre Dame has been slow and mechanical in the front.

Things will be different this season because the center will be that notorious dunker Orlando Woolridge, a converted forward who is Willis Reed's cousin and who has often rebounded like him if the Irish are to play run-and-shoot as often as Phelps would like them to. His forwards, Tracy Jackson and Kelly Tripucka, are only 6'6" but are capable of running off a string of points all by themselves. Despite what Phelps calls "a prolonged shooting slump" last February, Jackson still ended up hitting 51.5% of his tries from the field. At 230 pounds, Tripucka can maneuver for just about any kind of shot he wants. Notre Dame's starting guards, Rich Branning and Bill Hanzlik, are good at their roles. Branning's intelligence keeps the Irish under control, while Hanzlik's defensive forays wreak havoc among the opposition.

Opponents will get even more confused when Stan Wilcox, a Nevada-Las Vegas-style firewheel, comes off the bench.

Phelps has never had a regular from the state of Indiana, and none of this year's prize freshmen is a Hoosier either. Guard John Paxson, brother of Portland Trail Blazer Jim Paxson, is from Ohio. Forward Bill Varner is from Pennsylvania; and Tim Andree, another hulking Notre Dame-type center, hails from Michigan.

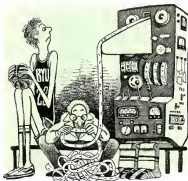
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All three were ranked among the country's top 25 high school seniors last season and, given Phelps' penchant for substitution, all three should see a fair amount of playing time. Last season Tripucka and Branning played the most, just under 28 minutes a game, while averaging 14.3 and 10.2 points, respectively.

With no superteam looming up on the horizon, Notre Dame's chances of winning the national championship are good. One key is Woolridge, who must play bigger than 6'9", which he did toward the end of last season when he scored 21 points against both Oklahoma City and La Salle and 22 against DePaul. The 6'3" Branning is up to 180 pounds, which should help his status. And Hanzlik should be better than ever, having improved both his offense and defense during trips to China, Argentina and Yugoslavia this past summer.

Although Phelps is a master of the pregame psych job, he isn't sure what gems he will come up with this year. But he is certain of one thing: "When you have the kind of players I do, you feel like you've got to get lucky one of these times."



BYU

5 At Brigham Young, where the administration keeps a careful eye out for students who indulge in such forbidden substances as tobacco and alcohol, it isn't surprising to find that the school has a computer which maintains a running tally of the transgressions of the basketball team. Known as TICOR, it is about the size of a briefcase and is operated by two students at courtside. During games Coach Frank Arnold can instantly find out who's giving up the baseline, getting faked out and not blocking out under the boards.

Unless half the squad takes off in midseason for Indochina or Central America to spread the word of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—some 9,000 of BYU's 26,000 students have gone on such missions—TICOR shouldn't get much work reporting Cougar slumps. BYU has eight former high school All-Americans and five returning starters who scored in double figures last season, so it doesn't take a computer to figure out that the team should walk to its second straight WAC title and improve on its 20-8 record of 1978-79.

Top cat among the Cougars is All-American Duane Armitage, quite possibly the best collegiate athlete around. After leading his team in scoring (18.4 points a game), assists (12.1) and steals (46) last season, the versatile guard batted .237 in 87 games as a second baseman for the Toronto Blue Jays. Bringing the bulk up with Armitage will be senior Scott Runo, an 11.6 scorer and a second-team all-conference selection. Center Alan Taylor, BYU's only other senior, is built like the Michelin Man at 6'10", 238 pounds, and he used his bulk to average nearly 10 rebounds and 14 points. The forwards are Fred Roberts and Devin Durrant, who scored 14.3 and 13.2, respectively.

The supporting cast includes three players who would start

for most any other team. In Guard Steve Craig, a starter before going on a two-year LDS mission in El Salvador, the Cougars have one of the most effective sixth men anywhere. He's the team's quickest player as well as its best jumper. To make room for him, Arnold will often move Armitage to forward. Should Roberts or Durrant falter, he will be spelled by Steve Trumbo. Greg Kite, one of the nation's most sought-after high school centers last year, will be the spare behind Taylor.

According to Arnold, BYU's balanced scoring is by design. "Our two main strengths are shooting [the Cougars' 52.9 field-goal percentage last season was eighth best in the country] and unselfishness. I don't teach a shake-and-bake, one-on-one type of offense."

What Arnold does teach is a "quick-thrust offense," which means that BYU runs at every opportunity and takes the first open shot. As a result, the Cougars averaged 85 points per game last season.

What Arnold calls "a lack of final-four quickness" and a frequent inability to stop the opponent's top scorer are the Cougars' only weaknesses. Last season, for example, St. John's Reggie Carter burned the Cougars for 39 points. Texas' Tyrone Brumley for 35 and San Diego State's Ken Goetz for 38. This year's schedule doesn't include as many heavyweights, and all but one of BYU's toughest non-conference games are at home, where the Cougars were 14-0 last season. That being so, the Cougars may need TICOR just to add up all their wins.

DUKE

6 When a team ends up with a 22-8 record, ties for first place in the ACC and finishes the year ranked seventh in one wire-service poll and 11th in the other, the season can hardly be called a disaster. But Duke accomplished all of those things last year and then had to explain what went wrong.

"I heard so many questions that I started asking myself why we were a failure," says 6'11" senior Center Mike Gminski, the leading scorer and rebounder. "But then I stopped judging the team from the point of view of others and began looking at it from my own. I thought about everything we had done well. Our only problem was that we tried to live up to the expectations of others, and we put too much pressure on ourselves."

Duke disappointed a lot of people because it did not win the NCAA championship after finishing second the season before. Though the 1978-1979 roster was virtually the same as the one in 1977-1978, last season's Blue Devils did not play nearly as well. Gminski, forwards Gene Banks and Kenny Dennard and Guard Jim Sparnakel fell off in scoring, rebounding, field-goal percentage and free-throw percentage. In this, Duke's year of reprieve, exciting sophomore Vince Taylor replaces Sparnakel and joins Rob Blender in the backcourt. Gminski, Banks and Dennard are back, and the starters are supported

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by valuable sixth man Jim Suddath and four good freshmen.

Duke's biggest advantage, however, may be that nobody favors it to win the national championship. "There's a lot of pressure in being ranked No. 1," says Banks. "We played a lot of games last year as if we were trying not to lose instead of trying to win. This year we're going back to the fun of the game. Back to the kids and the lollipops."

These lollipops will not take many lickings. Banks proclaims that "Duke is gonna be strictly awesome" and, for himself, predicts "the second coming of Tinkerbell," referring to the nickname popularized during his freshman season, when he flew with unearthly abandon. "I played too conservatively last year," he says. "To get ready for this season, I've recollected a lot of memories from high school. I want to be the leader and let it show on the court instead of just saying it with my mouth."

Banks' inconsistency was typical of Duke last season. While averaging 14.3 points a game—down from 17.1 as a freshman—he scored only 12, seven, four and 12 in four of the losses. Even more inconsistent was Dennard, who had nine games in which he scored two points or less and six in which he scored in double figures. But Dennard is another Blue Devil who predicts better results. "This year I think you'll see a different Duke," he says.

Coach Bill Foster would like to see the team of two seasons ago, the one that played with unfettered verve, especially under the boards and on the fast break. "Pressure might have been the reason for the falloff," Foster says. Now the pressure is off, which is to say only one photographer showed up for the team's picture day and tour buses are no longer stopping off at Cameron Indoor Stadium to watch the Blue Devils practice. "I was proud to be No. 1 last year," Foster says, "but the demands and the attention were so great that I'm not sure I'd know how to handle it any better this year."

Foster will not get the chance to find out unless Duke plays better than it did in an early-bird opening victory over Kentucky two weeks ago. The Blue Devils won the Naismith Hall of Fame game 82-76 in overtime, but they blew a 12-point lead in the first half and had to rally from seven points back in the second. A veteran team such as Duke's should have won more easily against an inexperienced opponent, even one as talented as the Wildcats. Still, Duke pulled it out, and that was something the Blue Devils did all too infrequently last season.

LSU

7 For the first time in history there are no basketball tickets to be had at Louisiana State. That's indication enough of how big the sport has gotten in Cajun country, where sell-outs were previously a phenomenon known only in football. Sure, fans came out to watch the Tigers during the Bob Pettit and Pete Maravich eras, but they were not nearly as lusty as the current crowd, whose ticket purchases have enriched the LSU athletic coffers by \$500,000 and whose vocal support has spurred a suggestion to rename the 14,327-seat LSU arena "Death Dome." The object of their affections is a talented, deep young team that last season brought 23-6 LSU its first SEC championship in a quarter century and a seventh-place ranking in the final AP poll. While leading the conference in scoring, margin of victory and controversy, LSU beat Kentucky twice and won 10 times on the road before the season ended in an 87-71 loss to NCAA champ Michigan State in the Midwest Regional.

This season the LSU faithful expect another SEC title—and that's just for starters. They're also talking about a national championship, and Coach Dale Brown is not about to put the dumper

on that kind of G-E-A-U-X Tigers fervor, because he happens to share it.

A fast-break talker with no talent for poot-mouthing, Brown says, "I guess I should tell everyone why we shouldn't be ranked so high, how we lost three seniors or how Kentucky has had its best recruiting year in history, but I don't look at it that way. I think it's reasonable for us to be considered a real threat for the national championship. We could have won it last year, and I think we have an excellent chance to win it now. I don't shrink from that. It doesn't seem like pressure to me."

Brown has won himself a host of critics who call his opinions outlandish, his coaching suspect and his offense Basic Playground. However, the skeptics include none of the Tigers, who fast-break, crash the boards, dunk and run the quick-hitting "shuffle cut" offense and the full-court press with all the delicacy of tag-team wrestlers. LSU may be incapable of doing precision patterns, but its remarkable quickness makes its fast break deadlier than most, and whatever the offense, the Tigers work together usefully.

Brown also may have the best pair of forwards in college ball in Durand Macklin and DeWayne Scales, two juniors who can jump, shoot, rebound and play defense. Each should be better despite personal disappointments last season. Macklin, who scored 46 points and grabbed 24 rebounds in LSU's first two games, sat out the rest of the season with a broken foot. Scales, who scored 19.4 points a game and shot 56.6% on his way to earning All-SEC honors, was suspended from the team in February for talking to a self-styled NBA agent. It is to Brown's credit that Scales returned.

Greg Cook will start at center, and he has an imposing back-up in Andy Campbell, a 7'2" Australian who can touch the rim without jumping. The chief playmaker is Ethan Martin, a walk-on point guard who has led the team in assists for two straight seasons. It is he who'll make the Tigers G-E-A-U-X, perhaps all the way.

TEXAS A&M

8 It is somewhat ironic that Texas A&M, a team that succeeds on its height, is singularly cursed by a lack of depth. Or so it seems to Head Coach Shelby Metcalfe, who never had enough players at preseason practices to stage a full-scale, first-team-vs.-second-team scrimmage. "A lot this season is going to depend on us staying happy and healthy," Metcalfe says. "We're not going to go anywhere if we get one of our key people hurt."

But if the A&M roster is short on bodies, the Aggies themselves aren't worried. Their ambition remains as tall as their rebounders, one of whom recently told a visitor departing College Station, "If we miss you during the regular season, we'll see you in Indianapolis. Count on us being there."

A&M's achievements probably will fall somewhere between Metcalfe's vision of disaster and his players' lofty expectations. Barring a bunch of injuries, the Aggies at the very least should win the Southwest Conference title.

A&M's talent is impressive. The Aggies set a school record with 24 victories last season, beating San Francisco and Kentucky on the road, knocking off Indiana and New Mexico and winning at least one game from every conference opponent except Texas. They finished third in their conference and advanced to the third round of the NIT.

Five starters are back, headed by 6'8" junior Vernon Smith, an All Southwest Conference forward who was A&M's top scorer, and 6'11" center Rudy Woods, who led the Aggies in re-

continued

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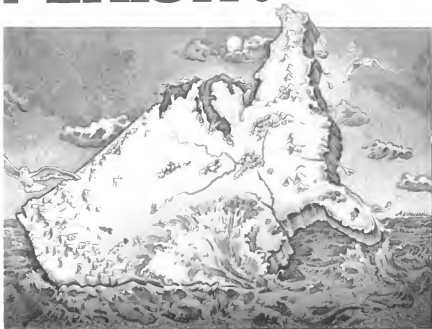
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bounds and blocked 65 shots and was named the conference's Freshman of the Year. With bulky Ryan Wright, a 6'6" junior who plays the high post, Smith and Woods form what Metcalf fondly refers to as "the wall."

"When you're talking about A&M basketball," Metcalf says, "you're talking about that front line. Every one of them is a good rebounder."

The Aggie attack is triggered by the deft playmaking of Dave Goff, a point guard who sharpens his ball handling by dribbling two basketballs simultaneously. Goff led the Aggies in assists last season. "We've got an adaptable team," he says. "We can press, run and score 100 points or slow it down, score 60 and still win."

Uncharacteristically, the Aggies will frequently employ a zone defense this season in an effort to keep Woods under the basket and everyone from fouling out. The new defense may be easier for the players to accept than their coach. Metcalf is a disciple of former Oklahoma State Coach Hank Iba, who believed that any defense that wasn't a man-to-man was no D at all.

Whatever the defense, the Aggies will be strong on both boards and may make up for their deficiencies in outside shooting, depth and speed with tip-ins, rebounds and high-percentage shots. They will be formidable at College Station, where their 7,500-seat gym is not so much an athletic facility as an echo chamber. Officially known as G. R. Rouse White Coliseum, it is the "Holler House of the Brazos" to A&M fans and opponents alike.

"Last season should have been better," says the precocious Woods. "This year we can be very strong. I expect more from this team than the coach does." So does just about everyone else.

ST. JOHN'S

9 "Some who are last will be first, and some who are first will be last."
LUKE 13:30

And now, it would seem, St. John's has an opportunity to be first. All five starters return from last season's 21-11 team, which twice defeated Duke—once when the Blue Devils were ranked first in both wire service polls—and came within a jump shot of the NCAA final after having been the 40th, and last, team selected for the tournament. Add to that an excellent crop of recruits and an outstanding transfer player, and it appears that the Redmen deserve the lofty title most experts have conferred on them during the preseason: "Best team in the East." Earning that honor on the court will not be easy. Both Georgetown and Syracuse, teams St. John's must defeat to win the championship of the new Big East Conference, seem to have improved, though each must compensate for the absence of a key starter. The Redmen also suffered losses, though only from their reserve strength. Guard Tommy Calabrese and

swingmen Gordon Thomas and Rudy Wright had each participated in three NCAA tournaments. "We have to go on the assumption that everybody else is improved," says Coach Lou Carnesecca, who practically willed St. John's to its sixth straight victory season after the Redmen had gotten off to a 9-8 start. "We are going to have to remember how we left off, try to capture that intensity and build on it."

And Carnesecca has plenty to build on. Guards Reggie Carter, St. John's best player and last season's leading scorer at 15.0 points a game, and Bernard Rencher, who led the Redmen in assists with 12.3, are back, but junior Swingman Curtis Redding, who scored 1,800 points, grabbed 443 rebounds and twice earned All-Big Eight honors before transferring from Kansas State, could force the creative but erratic Rencher to the bench. In that event Carter, who was selected in the second round by the Knicks in last spring's NBA draft but chose to complete his eligibility, would move to the point. Carter will not be anywhere when the season begins this week, however, because he played in an un sanctioned game last summer. The NCAA suspended him for last week's exhibition against Poland and Friday's opener against Oral Roberts.

Freshman Forward David Russell is so gifted he will eventually replace one of last season's starters, Ron Flair or Frank Gileay, who is nursing two painful knees and a broken nose. A devastating offensive rebounder, Russell must improve his outside shooting and his defense. "David is a challenging player because, even though he's young and inexperienced, he'll get by on his talent," says Center Wayne McKay, who like Russell was an All-America while attending high school on Long Island. McKay, said the college scouts, was a player who could single-handedly turn a team around. But after he didn't live up to his advance notices during his freshman year (1977-78) at St. John's and then was outplayed by rival protem Roosevelt Bowie of Syracuse and Jeff Ruland of Iowa in two showdowns late last season, the big question became whether he can turn himself around. "I'm going to have to be stronger on the boards and draw a lot more fouls instead of committing them," McKay says. "I'm more aware of my game this year. There were things I did last year that I didn't realize were that important." The most damaging was getting himself into foul

trouble too often. Although McKay was second to Carter in scoring with a 14.9 average and was the leading rebounder (7.7), he averaged nearly four personal a game and fouled out seven times. His freshman replacements, Donald Jones and Trevor Jackson, will receive their baptism early. "The kids will have to give us 10, 12 minutes a game," says Carnesecca. "They'll be thrown to the wolves."

A rugged December schedule that includes Oral Roberts, Michigan State, Tennessee and Rutgers will test the young Redmen's poise, but the irrepressible Carnesecca refuses to worry. "I'm not concerned about a damn thing," he says. "We're going to play every game as if we're 0-25. We're not going to put pressure on the kids; we'll put it on the coaches. We're not going to pull a Duke here." That's because Loose wants St. John's to be first.

continued



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SYRACUSE

10 By the standards of other schools, last season was a banner one for Syracuse. It had a 26-4 record, third best in the nation, and equaled its highest victory total ever. The Orangemen became the 14th major college team to reach 1,000 wins and had a 19-game victory streak, their third longest ever. They stretched their unbeaten string at Manley Field House, a/k/a The Pit, to 45, the longest in the nation. They were ranked in the Top Ten by the NCAA in more statistical categories—six—than any other school. On the average they defeated their opponents by a wider margin, 17.2 points, than any team in the nation, and they earned their seventh consecutive NCAA tournament invitation, a record surpassed only by UCLA (13) and Marquette (nine). But despite these imposing achievements, the folks in Syracuse were disappointed; there's no NCAA championship banner hanging from the rafters at Manley. There's not even an ECAC Upstate-Southern pennant. Syracuse was defeated for that championship by Georgetown and then fell to Penn in the NCAA East Regional semifinals.

The Orange has pledged not to repeat last year's el fiasco, and the chances are excellent because graduation claimed only one regular, Forward Qale Shuckelford. With the rest of the starters returning, along with four other lettermen and three heralded freshmen, Syracuse is formidable once again.

Back for its fourth and final engagement is the Louie and Bouse Show, starring 6'8" Forward Louie Orr and 6'11" Center Roosevelt Bouse. Starters since their freshman season, they lead the Orange at both ends of the floor. Orr, up to a slender 200 pounds after having arrived at Syracuse at an emaciated-looking 160, was the Orangemen's third-leading scorer and second-leading rebounder. "He's our best outside shooter, best passer and best rebounding forward," says Coach Jim Boheim. "When he has had a poor game, it's because he's been muscle, but that's not going to happen much anymore." Bouse, another former string bean, added 15 pounds and now weighs an imposing 240. He was Syracuse's leading scorer—with 15.2 points a game—last season, but he's expected to be even sharper offensively this time around. "He's at least 200% better on offense than he was last season because he's looking for his shot," Boheim says. On defense Bouse is the key for Syracuse. He has blocked 256 shots on three seasons and was the team's top rebounder last season. "Very few guys have had a good game at center against us since Roosevelt came," says Boheim.

Replacing Shuckelford, a superior defensive player and Syracuse's second-best scorer three years in a row, won't be easy. The backcourt, however, is in good shape, because point guards Hal Cohen and Eddie Moss, who between them had 14.7 points and nearly seven assists per game, and outside bomber Marty Headd are back. Freshman Tony [Red] Bruhn, who has a terrifying baseline repertoire, could be a starter at guard before the season is very old. "Physically, Red is the best player we've had here since

Dave Bing," says Boheim, who was Bing's backcourt partner at Syracuse.

With a much tougher schedule, the challenge of competing in the new Big East Conference and fewer home games, Syracuse doesn't figure to match last season's victory total, but Boheim doesn't care. "We just want to be playing well at the end of the season," he says. That would make it tough to squeeze the Orange out of the Final Four.

VIRGINIA TECH

11 Virginia Tech, or VPI, or Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University never quite knows what to call itself. To remedy this identity crisis, the school paper recently decided on a new name for the school. The envelope, please. The winner: the Eastern Institute for Enlightened and Intellectual Outgrowth, or EIEIO, a little play on the school's country bumpkin reputation ("Old MacDonald had a farm..."). Even the sports teams in Blacksburg have two nicknames, the Gobblers and the Hokies. But whatever you call it, one thing is certain about this season's basketball team, it's no turkey.

The entire front line and the playmaker from the squad that won the Metro 7 last season are back. At the center of it all is Qale Solomon, who led the Gobbler-Hokie scores with 17.8 points a game, made the all-league first team and earned the MVP award at the Metro 7 tournament despite missing the first game because of the death of his grandmother. And he was only a freshman. How's that for enlightened outgrowth?

Solomon will be joined up front by Wayne Robinson, Tech's top rebounder, second-best scorer and a sort of collegiate Willie Stargell in the leadership department. The other forward will be Les Henson, who led the team in steals, blocked shots and dunks while scoring 12.5 points a game. Getting them the ball will be Guard Dexter Reid, whose nickname, "Fat Oddy," belies his quickness. Reid was good for 12.3 assists.

Coach Charlie Murr can always be counted on for two things: he won't get a technical foul—he hasn't had one since coming to VPI in 1976—and his team will run and shoot. In fact, while the school is shopping around for a new name, it might want to try Charlie Murr's Gun Club. "We've been compared to Nevada-Las Vegas—without the recruiting violations," says Murr. Even with a frantic offense, Tech managed to shoot a school-record 51% from the floor. It will be even quicker up front now that Solomon and Robinson have shed 10 and five pounds, respectively. However, it will miss Marshall Ashford, the guard who spearheaded the fast break and the full-court press for four years.

Replacing Ashford will be either Chris Scott, a steady senior who's waned on the bench for



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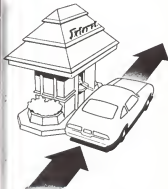
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three years, or Jeff Schneider, a sophomore who was twice West Virginia's Player of the Year in high school. Schneider has already shown he can play under pressure, in a game at West Virginia last year, he scored 14 points while the fans, miffed that he had left the state, booed him every time he touched the ball.

VPI has had only one losing season in 24 years and is always deadly at home—10-1 in 1978-79. If the team can avoid the mid-season slump that hit it last year, it should have no trouble improving on its 22-9 record. There's even a chance that Robinson's dream will come true. "Ever since I was a boy, I've dreamed of making the winning shot in the NCAA tournament," he says. "Who knows? Maybe the Gobblers-Hokies will be able to call themselves national champions before it's over."

UCLA

12

The last two coaches at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles) ended up in the basketball wastelands of Birmingham, Ala. and Monmouth, Ore., respectively, but that's the way it goes when

one tries to cope with the ghosts of Westwood, the 10 national championships, the 13 straight Pacific 10 championships, the All-America players, the first-round pro draft choices. How would you like to coach with John Wooden still sitting at a desk just around the corner? It has been four years since the Bruins' last NCAA title, and this fall the Wizard finally moved his office out of the athletic building and into his home. "The past is gone," Larry Brown said recently as he packed up trophies, plaques and frames in the UCLA coach's office, his office. "I told our kids the pictures going up here now would be of them." Brown and Wooden are not at cross-purposes; the latter helped with recruiting, and Brown says he wants "Coach Wooden to feel a part of this and be proud of me."

But make no mistake. This will be a new era in Westwood. "The Bruins are in for culture shock," says one coach a continent away, which is how far Brown has brought his style of basketball. It's straight out of the East—high school on Long Island, college at North Carolina. Those elements in his background will be more important in how UCLA plays than his pro years with the Cougars and Nuggets. Even in the ABA and NBA Brown was always a "college" coach: zones, traps, pressure defenses, constant movement, passing games, free substitution. The first day the Bruins heard all that, Brown says, "they looked at me like I was speaking Brooklynese." Unlike his predecessors, Gene Bartow and Gary Cunningham—who between them compiled a 102-17 record—Brown has not been left with a whole lot of talent. Or has he? In David Greenwood, Roy Hamilton and Brad Holland, the Bruins lost 54 points per game and, according to Brown, "75% of everything else." But in the next breath the coach says senior Kiki Vandeweghe is "Bobby

Jones with offense" and freshman Darren Daye is "Doug Moe with speed." Oh, well, once a Tar Heel...

In truth, the Bruins will run their old high-post stuff often, but the team Brown has created out of the likes of veteran centers Darrell Allums and Gig Sims and forwards James Wilkes and Vandeweghe, plus a flock of rookies and former handymen, is so quick, adaptable and versatile that it seems born to press and play the passing game. Last season Vandeweghe was the best shooter (.622) on the best shooting team (.555) in college history while forwards Cliff Pruitt and Daye were the most highly recruited high schoolers in Los Angeles. All three occasionally may move out of position—Vandeweghe or Pruitt to the pivot, Daye to guard—to make way for Forward Mike (Slew) Sanders, who sat on the bench as a freshman but who could be a sophomore star. The backcourt is inexperienced, but Tyren Naulis, who's 25 pounds lighter this year, did beat Notre Dame; Tony Anderson, another stranger who missed last season because of knee surgery, is the Bruins' best athlete; and freshmen Mike Holton and Rod Foster should be fire and lightning in relief. "Right now we lack self-esteem," says Brown. "But there is no reason we cannot be a great team." There is, uh, precedent. Not to mention pressure. The other day Wooden came by to mention, with a twinkle in his eye, that he was 38 when he started his career at UCLA. Larry Brown, who was 38 when he was hired, had a chuckle over that one.

DE PAUL

13

Talk about a dramatic reversal of fortunes. In 1971 DePaul had no full-time assistant coaches, no recruiting budget, no stars culled from the talent-rich Chicago public high school league and seemingly no future in big-time college basketball. The Blue Demons were in the midst of what would become a 10-year absence from postseason play, and there were rumblings at the school's administration about a need for new, younger blood in the head coaching position. Ray Meyer was 57 then, and after practice one night he told his family, "I seriously wonder whether I can do it anymore."

Eight years later, it's DePaul's beleaguered opponents who are worrying about how much longer old man Meyer can do it, because he and the Blue Demons now have everything going their way. In a 21-day span last season, DePaul beat Marquette twice, and Notre Dame and UCLA en route to a 26-6 record and a third-place finish in the NCAA tournament. And despite the loss of two key starters, the Blue Demons could be even better in 1979-80.

The big man in the DePaul attack will again be Mark ("Don't ask me about my weight!") Aguirre, the wide-bottomed forward who led the nation's freshmen in scoring last season with 26.1 points a game. Aguirre, who tips the scales at roughly 235 pounds, was the best player in the Chicago public league his senior

continued



year in high school, and when he signed on with the Blue Demons it became fashionable for others of his ability to follow. Two of last season's best, Teddy Grubbs and Terry Cummings, will start with Aguirre to give DePaul the best young frontcourt in college basketball.

Grubbs is a finesse player who can shoot the lights out, while the 6' 9" Cummings will rule the backboards against much taller opponents. The two, like Aguirre, are excellent rebounders, something that Dave Corzine and other recent DePaul standouts definitely were not. Or as one Blue Demon assistant coach—there are three such fellows these days—was heard to exclaim at a recent scrimmage: "Isn't it nice to see some hands above the rim for a change?"

Rounding out the Blue Demons' starting five will be their cool-headed floor leader, Clyde Bradshaw, a lefty, and probably Skip Dillard, a junior-college transfer who went to high school with Aguirre. So did Swinburn Bernard Randolph, a freshman who scored 50 points in one game at Westinghouse High. Jim Mischen, a senior, has already been drafted by the NBA's Golden State Warriors. He may start early in the season to take some heat off Grubbs.

Having won somebody's Coach of the Year award each of the past two seasons, the 66-year-old Meyer has no plans to retire. Meyer having been out of the limelight for so long, DePaul's revival is like a second childhood for him. "Now that I've had another taste of success," he says with typical restraint, "I like it."

VIRGINIA

14 University Hall in Charlottesville, built in 1965, is a strange-looking edifice loosely based on one of the many designs of Thomas (Dr. J.) Jefferson, the school's founder and a great guy in a high post.

Around campus the arena is fondly referred to as "the Pregnant Clam." This season the Clam will have a 7' 4" pearl inside named Ralph Sampson. On May 31 Sampson finally announced that he was going to the University of Virginia, and so ended one of the most exciting chases in the history of recruiting.

Sampson may be the biggest thing—literally and figuratively—to hit Charlottesville since The Rotunda, another of Jefferson's buildings, but so far he's been given a lukewarm reception by his schoolmates. An editorial in one of the college's papers complained that in the midst of a campus housing shortage, Sampson was being given—gasp!—a room to himself. Well, if he lives up to only 3' 8" of his potential, the students may be clamoring to give him a whole dorm next year. Sampson averaged 30 points and 20 rebounds a game at nearby Harrisonburg High last year and had college scouts comparing him to the young Lew Alcindor, and we all know who he grew up to be.

Sampson's adjustment to college ball will be relatively smooth because Coach Terry Holland has some other pearls to string along



with him, including 6' 6" junior Jeff Lamp, the All-ACC guard who led the conference, as well as the country's sophomores, in scoring last season with 22.9 points a game. "Jeff's only problem is that he's so critical of himself," says Holland. "He can be his own worst enemy. He can't accept anything less than the best from Jeff Lamp." Holland spent a good part of the off-season fretting over his two jewels. First Sampson went to Puerto Rico with the U.S. Pan-Am Games team and lost 15 pounds off his bobby-pin frame. Then Lamp caught pneumonia. Fortunately, Sampson is back up to 207, and Lamp is again driving himself crazy.

In all, the Cavaliers have 75% of the offense returning from last season's 19-10 team. The other starting guard will be sophomore Jeff Jones, the son of Kentucky

Wesleyan Coach Bob Jones. As a freshman Jones broke Barry Parkhill's school assist record with 136, and he should get even more feeding Sampson. Also back is Forward Lee Raker, a junior who averaged 16.5 points a game and made the second team All-ACC. "He doesn't jump very high, and he doesn't run very fast," says Holland. "He just beats you." The other forward will be senior Mike Owens, the best shooter on the team and the most likely to get hurt. As a freshman he broke his jaw, as a sophomore he injured an Achilles tendon, and last year he severely sprained an ankle. Terry Gates, a junior who played with Lamp and Raker at Bedford High in Louisville, will split Owens, especially when the Cavaliers need tighter defense. Virginia has another talented freshman in Forward Craig Robinson from Montclair, N.J., but the Cavaliers need one more dependable guard to back up Jones and Lamp.

Although this is easily the best team Holland has had in his six seasons at Virginia, he could use a little more speed and a lot more help. "Our major weakness is that we're not a physical team," he says. "Ralph is not a weak kid by any means, but he may be at a disadvantage when it comes to bulk." The lack of muscle may not tell in the ACC, where the officials tend to call tight games, but it could make a difference come tournament time. "We have the potential to be great next season," says Holland. "But this year I'm trying to take it slowly. That attitude should last me about two losses into this season."

FLORIDA STATE

15 A couple of Joe Williams' coaching buddies, Bobby Knight and Abe Lemons, told him he was making a mistake when he left Furman to take over at Florida State last season. Sure, the weather in Tallahassee and the deep-sea fishing trips on the Gulf would be hard to beat, but with the Paladins Williams would have had Jonathan Moore and a lot of other good veterans to rely on. In contrast, the Seminoles had lost four starters from their Meine championship team and seemed to be slipping a bit after a decade of success under the departed Hugh Durham.

continued

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But Williams has never been accused of conservative thinking. He wore white shirts throughout the 1970s and now favors Saxon jeans and saddle shoes. His reading ranges from *Rolling Stone* to the Bible, and there are evenings when talk of basketball must wait until he has satisfied his desire for oysters on the half-shell.

"I suppose I shock some folks at first," Williams said recently while downing 45 oysters before dinner. "I used to have pretty long hair and I've never had many training rules for my players. Basically I'm a real cosyingo guy, and I think I wear well on people."

Williams also enjoys the challenge of making something out of nothing. The only experienced players he inherited when he accepted the Florida State job were Tony Jackson, a fine power and defender but a 35% career shooter, and sixth-man Mickey Dillard, who scored 40 points in FSU's first two games last year, then broke his leg and missed the remainder of the season.

Fortunately, there was a hidden bundle of talent on the team in Murray Brown, a seldom-used forward who, remarkably, had attempted only 21 shots during the previous season's conference games, but had hit 17 of them. Thus, Williams went to work designing an offense that would get Brown the ball close to the basket. He knew what to do with it from there. He converted 30 of his first 34 shots last season and went on to lead the nation in field-goal percentage—69%—while scoring 21.7 points per game. By skillfully deploying Brown and by playing the same brand of race-horse offense and high-pressure defense that had characterized Durham's teams, the Seminoles made it to the finals of the Metro tournament and finished with a highly respectable 19–10 record.

Williams' center this year will be Elvis Rolle, a Florida high school star who initially chose Oral Roberts over Florida State. He transferred to Tallahassee after his freshman year when the Titans changed coaches. Opposite Brown at the other forward spot will be either Pernel Tookes, a skinny sophomore, or Rodney Arnold, a tobacco-chewing gunner who followed Williams to Florida State after scoring 20 points a game as a freshman at Furman two seasons ago. Dillard, whose leg has healed, and Jackson are in the backcourt, along with 5'8" Bobby Parks, who shot 50% in Dillard's absence.

Tallahassee has always shown a decided preference for Seminoles football. However, for the first time in history all 1,800 seats on the townpeople's side of tiny Tully Gym are sold out. Clearly, to the citizens of Tallahassee, Williams is wearing very, very well.

GEORGETOWN

16 What's this? Georgetown University is one of the best teams in the country? Isn't that the Georgetown located in Washington, D.C.? Isn't that the Georgetown that's infinitely more renowned for producing hotshot lawyers than first-round draft choices? Yep, that Georgetown, last season the Hoyas had a 24–5 record, their best ever, and defeated NIT (first Indiana, NCAA semifinal Penn and Eastern nominees Syracuse and St. John's en route to the second round of the NCAA East Regional, Shoe-blocking Center Tom Seates and two-year starting Forward Steve Martin, last year's acknowledged leader, are gone, but three outstanding starters have returned.

The mantle of leadership that once was Martin's now rests upon the muscular shoulders of senior Guard John Dunbar. The responsibility is not lost on Duren, a member of the gold-medal-winning Pan-Am Games team. "If someone has confidence in you, they'll do what you say," he says. "It's up to me to gain the respect of the other players. I'm not playing with the type of guys you have to hit outside the head." Duren, who has started 61 straight games, last season led the Hoyas in minutes played, assists and steals and

was their second-leading scorer. Duren and Eric (Sleepy) Floyd form perhaps the East's top backcourt. In 1978–79 Floyd, who toured Brazil with the U.S. Junior National team last summer, established a school freshman record with 489 points, led Georgetown in scoring with 16.6 points a game, was the fourth-leading rebounder and played surprisingly good defense. The presence of Duren and Floyd, along with seniors Terry Feenon, Lonnie Duren (John's older brother) and sophomore Ron Blaylock, will allow Thompson to bring freshman Kurt Kautl, a classic point guard, along slowly.

Senior Craig Shelton, dubbed Big Sky because of his vertical leap, is set at power forward, while sophomore Eric Smith, a former football quarterback, Mike Hancock, a good shooter, Jeff Bulis and Al Dutch, a onetime starter who sat out last season, are fighting for the other corner spot. Shelton is a marvel. He was the Hoyas' top rebounder, second-leading scorer and a 604 shooter. "People ask me who the MVP on the team is and I say, without a doubt, that Shelton's the man," says Coach John Thompson. Dutch, forced to the sidelines while patching up a shaky marriage, has been the most intense performer in practice. "He's playing like it's his Last Supper and he knows it," says Thompson. Sophomore Ed Spriggs, who ably replaced the injured Seates during the NCAA's last spring, gives Georgetown improved agility and offense in the middle, but the Hoyas cannot afford to lose him. The 6'10" Thompson may be the second-best center on the team, though he's about 20 pounds over his playing weight. "Spriggs has got to become very experienced very quickly," says Thompson. Spriggs gained some experience this summer as the third international traveler among the Hoyas. He played for an ECAC All-Star team that toured Yugoslavia. Now Georgetown appears ready to hit the road toward becoming a national power.

PURDUE

17 No matter how good his situation might appear to those around him, Lee Rose is always tormented by ghosts from the past, present and future. He winces every time he thinks about Jerry Seiching's jump shot that didn't drop in the waning seconds of Purdue's 53–52 loss to archrival Indiana in last year's NIT finals. He grumbles at the prospect of coaching this year without Seiching, whose only mistake in four years may have been missing that probable game winner. And when Rose tries to envision staying in the Big Ten race with Center Joe Barry Carroll forced to play one-against-five, he becomes positively morose.

Carroll is the quiet, 7'1" senior who has succeeded in doing exactly what he said he would do when he came to Purdue: "I'll let my playing do the talking for me." He led the Big Ten in scoring last season with a 22.8 average, was second in rebounding and paced the Boilermakers to a conference co-championship with Iowa and eventual NCAA champ Michigan State. He might have been expected to do pretty much the same this time around, except that Rose was unable to recruit a top-notch shooting guard to take Seiching's place.

Rose is not exactly bereft of talent, but there isn't a great deal of scoring punch once you get past Carroll. Forward Arnette Hallman is a superb leaper and a defensive ace who can be a spectacular all-round player when his streaky shooting turns hot. He worked hard on his shot all summer, and it looks better. However, in a preseason victory over the Yugoslavian national team he was still shooting one air ball for every two or three swimmers.

Playmaker Brian Walker dealt out nearly 200 assists last season and has one guard spot nailed down. The other will go to

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either Keith Edmonson or Kevin Stallings, a junior-college transfer. Drake Morris will also play there when not at forward.

Despite the Boilemakers' shortcomings at guard, which will allow defenses to sag all over Carroll, Rose could scarcely be in worse shape than he appeared to be in the spring of '78 when he arrived at Purdue to coach a team depleted by the graduation of three starters. Worse, Rose got a late start in recruiting and didn't pick up any notable replacements. What he did do, out of necessity, was change the Boilemakers from the pro-style, run-and-gun outfit they had been under Fred Schaus and his predecessor, George King, to a deliberate team that succeeded because of defense. Purdue, which had been picked to finish seventh in the Big Ten, won a school-record 27 games principally because it held opponents to 62.5 points a game, best in the conference.

"You'd think we never even played in a postseason tournament for all the good the NIT did us around here," says Rose, bemoaning another poor recruiting year. "I know this is just so much mental gymnastics, but when you've got a player as dominating as Joe Barry it's hard to believe there's not a good guard out there who'd like to play with him."

But even a pessimist of Rose's stature couldn't fail to be cheered by Stallings' play against the Yugoslavians. His long jumpers, blond hair and cornrowed looks remind a lot of Boilemaker fans of Rick Mount. A poor man's Mount, so be sure, but on a team with Carroll, that may be good enough.

KENTUCKY

18 In its long and illustrious history, Kentucky has never had a big man quite like Sam Bowie. The 7'1" freshman from Lebanon, Pa. lacks the brawn of Rick Robey and Mike Phillips, the twin pillars around which the Wildcats' 1978 national championship team was built. In fact, when Bowie arrived at Lexington, he was a scrawny 199 pounds. After lots of running, weightlifting and eating, Bowie now tips in at a respectable 223. And the extra poundage and strength haven't cost him any agility and quickness.

The addition of Bowie and three other prize freshmen—Derick Hord, Charles Hurt and Dirk Minniefield—has turned the Wildcats from a good team into a dark-horse contender for the national title. Left over from last season's NIT entry are such talented players as Kyle Macy, Dwight Anderson and LaVon Williams. "This is the most athletic group I've ever had," says Coach Jo Hall. "They can all run and jump and play defense. This is something I haven't had. In the past I've had to work with some immobile players."

Bowie came to Kentucky with visions of playing forward, but Hall quickly convinced him he'd be a lot more valuable near the hoop than outside launching the bombs he loves. "Sam will get to shoot some jumpers," Hall says, "but we want him to be able to score both inside and out." With that goal in mind, Bowie has

spent most of his practice time learning to play the pivot against the kind of big, tough centers he will face this season. He and Williams, the Wildcats' leading rebounder in 1978-79, will operate in a high-low post that could be devastating by season's end.

"We'll be more flexible this year, have a more varied attack," says Hall. "We'll have a good outside shooting game, and we could have a good inside game with Bowie. Once he learns to post up stronger and recognize his scoring opportunities, he's going to be all right." Bowie is the only one of the superfreshmen almost sure to start. At least initially. Hord will come off the bench as a swingman, Hurt will be a substitute at forward, and Minniefield will be Macy's understudy as floor leader. "Our system is such that older players do better," says Hall.

One of the older players, Junior Fred Cowan, last year's No. 2 rebounder, will start at forward, and another, Anderson, will move from small forward to the starting guard spot alongside Macy, who again will be Kentucky's leader. He's a superb ballhandler, playmaker, passer and outside shooter. And he has fully recovered from the broken jaw he suffered last summer when a Cuban player assaulted him during the Pan-Am Games. Macy is a forceful competitor who could pull Kentucky's raw talent into the kind of cohesive, selfless unit that Hall loves. "Kyle's strengths will show up later in the year, when we get together as a team," the coach says. "We may be going in different directions early."

This lack of cohesiveness was a major factor in the Wildcats' 82-76 overtime loss to Duke on Nov. 17. They proved they have the talent—Bowie outscored Blue Devil Mike Givinsko 22-21—but they also showed they need the maturity that can only come with experience. Nevertheless, the performance was encouraging. The young 'Cats may be going in the same direction much sooner than Hall expects.

TOLEDO

19 The zealots who follow University of Toledo basketball are never at a loss when it comes to helping Coach Bobby Nichols overcome the Rockets' shortcomings. Be bolder in the last two minutes, one says; get some quicker forwards, adds another; etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Well, folks, Nichols appreciates your offers, but thanks, no thanks, the Rockets are doing just fine on their own—66-20 over the past three seasons and 244-115 during Nichols' 14 years as coach, to be exact.

This season could be the best of all. Seven of the top nine players are back from last year's 22-8 Mid-American Conference champion, which defeated Iowa and gave Notre Dame a big scare in the Midcat Regions before finally losing 79-71. Heading the list of returnees is Forward Dick Miller, an alternate on last summer's Pan-Am team. Miller has been a starter since the first game of his freshman season, averaging in double figures every year. Also on hand are starters Center/Forward Jim Swaney, last season's



on hand are starters Center/Forward Jim Swaney, last season's leading scorer with a 15.9 average, Guard Jay Lehman and the Rockets' Mr. Excitement, Forward Harvey Knuckles, who when he isn't turning the ball over to the opposition—he had three consecutive traveling calls versus Iowa—puts it through the hoop with a dazzling variety of jump shots and dunks. Knuckles has supposedly been cured of his case of hapless feet, but if not, look for Ken Montague to see plenty of action.

Although Toledo hopes to run more than in the past, the scores of Rocket games should continue to be low because Toledo has one of the nation's stingiest defenses. Last season it allowed 62.4 points a game. That tough D helps to compensate for the Rockets' lack of height—the tallest starter is 6' 8"—and poor team speed. A dominant center and a quick backcourt are possibly all that stand between Toledo and the NCAA finals, but what could get them there anyway is the coaching ability of Nichols, who, says his Notre Dame counterpart, Digger Phelps, "is in a class by himself."

And he very nearly is. Toledo is one of only five schools with 20 or more consecutive winning seasons. The explanation for the Rockets' success is Nichols' ability as a teacher. "Raw talent is the easiest thing in the world to find," he says. "The thing I've done best is pick the right type of player, the one that fits into our way of doing things."

His way starts with intensity—"A lot of teams just can't match us in that area," Nichols says—and includes rigorous discipline. The Rockets rarely go beyond the framework of their capabilities; instead, they just execute the basics better than their opponents.

"We may lose control of parts of a game but never the whole thing," Nichols says. "We just hang around and around, at the end of the game we'll be there." Indeed, the Rockets have lost only two games by 10 or more points in the last 10 years.

Indiana may be the sole team on Toledo's schedule capable of handling the Rockets that kind of loss this season. But if things should get unexpectedly rough for Nichols and his players, they know they can always get a little help from their friends.



This success began with Sutton's arrival in 1974. In the last three seasons alone, the Razorbacks have won or shared three league titles and earned three NCAA tournament berths, finishing third in 1978. "I don't see how we can keep this thing going," Sutton said. "But that's what I told you last year." Texas Coach Abe Lemons, for one, figures Sutton not only can keep it up, but will. "I'm picking Arkansas," he says, "and you know that's not sentiment or wishful thinking. That's realism." Too true. The Razorbacks have three starters back from an outstanding 25-5 team that lost a heartstopper to Indiana State in the Midwest Regional finals. In fact, from top to bottom the Razorbacks may be as strong as ever. And

that's without anybody named Moncrief, Brewer or Delph.

Arkansas will also have the youngest team in Sutton's five years in Fayetteville. Power Forward Alan Zahn is the only senior, and the other holdover starters are junior Guard U. S. Reed and 6' 10" sophomore Forward Scott Hastings. Hastings didn't become a regular until the 12th game last season, but he quickly established himself as one of the conference's top freshmen, getting 8.3 points and 4.6 rebounds a game. If Hastings has recovered from the loss of his hero, Moncrief, he should be even better. Hastings admired the former Razorback so much that in high school, while leading Independence, Kans., to the state championship, he kept Moncrief's picture tacked beneath his uniform. Thus, it might be said, when Hastings was recruited, Arkansas clearly had the inside position. Joining Hastings and Zahn on the front line will be sophomore Tony Brown, who played 15 minutes a game last year and started at times.

Reed is cut from the mold of the Arkansas stickouts who came before him. At 6' 2" he is not especially tall, but he is devastating inside on offense and is a superior defensive player. In Keith Holland, a 24.8 scorer at Northeastern Oklahoma JC, the Razorbacks may have their first true point guard. "He's the quickest player I've ever coached," says Sutton, who's specialized in recruiting jackrabbits. Junior Mike Young and sophomore Brad Fries add depth in the backcourt, while James Crockett, Carey Kelly and Leroy Sutton will fight for time on the front line.

Because Arkansas lacks the experience of recent years, the team probably won't mesh as smoothly as usual until the beginning of the conference season. The Hogs' early schedule—in which only LSU figures to be a tough test—will give Sutton a chance to discover the right combination of players for his aggressive man-to-man defense and passing-game offense. "We aren't where we're going to be," he says. "But we have time to get there. Texas A&M ought to win our league, but maybe the Aggies will screw up." If they do, you can bet the Razorbacks will be ready to add some more names to their honor roll.

ARKANSAS

20

At a cocktail party in Little Rock the other day, Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton was discussing the stars from the team's glorious recent past. "You know about Ron Brewer," he told the 23 sponsors of the Razorback television broadcasts. "He's already a true NBA star in Portland. Sidney Moncrief would be doing as well in Milwaukee, but the Bucks have an established team and they're winning, and he's a rookie. Steve Schall, Marvin Delph and Jimmy Conner are all regulars with Athletics in Action and they've won their first seven games." These players formed the nucleus of Arkansas teams that had the finest record (102-20) in NCAA basketball the last four seasons and the best five-year league record (63-15) in Southwest Conference history.

The Top 20 scouting reports were written by Bill Colson, Anthony Cotton, Kent Harmon, Roger Jackson, Larry Keith, Curry Kirkpatrick, William F. Reed, Ron Reed and Steve Wall. For a look at five dark horses, the regions, small colleges and women, see the following pages.



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5 TO WATCH

Since *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* instituted its Five to Watch category in 1972, the selectees have done nothing if not make fans do double takes. For example, Colorado's choice in 1973, went on to a 9-17 season. Duke, one of the picks in 1977, won 27 games and met Kentucky for the NCAA title. The point is that Five to Watch selections are not intended to be Nos. 21-25 in our rankings. Rather they are talented teams that for one reason or another—youthfulness, injuries, previous failures to live up to their potential, etc.—could go bang or go bust. With that in mind...

Take Weber State, and this season few teams will. Since joining the NCAA's Division I in 1962, the Wildcats have played in eight NCAA tournaments. Last season Weber went 25-9 and won its second straight Big Sky title. Back now, and presumably savvy, are four starters and two top reserves who in 1978-79 accounted for 80% of the Wildcats' points and most of the rebounds, a category in which Weber placed among the national leaders. Among them are all-conference seniors Richard Smith, David Johnson and Bruce Collins, a swingman whose 1,488 points leave him just 75 shy of passing Willie Sojourner's school career scoring record. One good omen for Wildcat fans is that Guard Mark Mattox, a three-year starter, is being challenged by junior college transfer Eric Watson. Another is that the first round of the NCAA regionals is scheduled for Dee Event Center right there on the Weber campus.

Oregon State, another traditional big winner, is also optimistic. In 78 seasons the Beavers have won more games than any school except Kentucky, Kansas, North Carolina and St. John's. Trouble is, since 1966 UCLA's talent has been far too much for Oregon State. Now things may change; the Beavers have all five starters back from last year's 18-10 team. Guards Ray Blume and Mark Radford are both double-figure scorers, which takes pressure off Center Steve Johnson, who pumped in 18.5 points a game and shot 66.1% from the floor last season. State's major problem was inconsistency, a flaw Coach Ralph Miller thinks



THE BEST OF THE REST

he has remedied. Indeed, in an exhibition against Yugoslavia's national team, the Beavers were remarkably consistent, bombing the World Cup champs 94-73.

After facing UCLA in the NCAA final in 1970, Jacksonville hit the skids. Then last season in came new Coach Bates Locke, who said it was time to "pick up the pieces." He took a team that had suffered three consecutive non-winning seasons and turned it into a 19-game winner that became known throughout Florida as—better brace yourself—Locke's Net Monsters. Two starters are back from that squad, but the key to continued success for the Dolphins lies with their biggest and littiest players. The big one is Center James Ray, a two-time field-goal-percentage leader in the Sun Belt Conference. The little one is 5' 8" freshman Guard Maurice Roulhac, who is counted on to give Jacksonville more quickness. Locke, a noted stekler for defense, isn't troubled a bit by Roulhac's lack of height. "The question isn't who is Maurice going to guard," he says, "but, who can guard Maurice."

Last year Missouri lost nine of its first 13 games and then won nine of its last 15, including upsets of Big Eight powers Kansas, Oklahoma and Kansas State. The Tigers were awfully young then, but now they have four experienced starters back, including the high-powered guard combination of Larry Drew and Steve Wallace. Coach Norm Stewart can also use Forward Ricky Frazer, a transfer from St. Louis U. who in 1978 was the Metro Seven Freshman of the Year. On top of that, Stewart has recruited a budding superstar in Steve Stipanovich, a 6' 11" center who shot 62% and scored 24.8 points a game in leading St. Louis' DeSmet High School to a 32-0 record and back-to-back state championships.

Furman Center Jonathan Moore is unique. What else can you say of a guy who has trained his pet fish to jump out of an aquarium and eat worms that Moore dangles over the surface? Well, you could also say that Moore is a whale of a player. He has been All-Southern Conference three straight seasons and in 1978-79 was the league MVP as well. This year Moore leads a veteran team that put to-

continued

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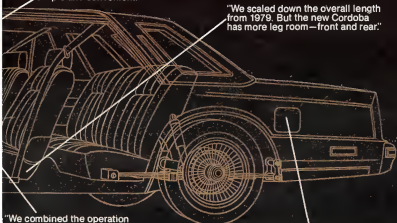
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gether a 20-9 record last season. Of equal significance is the fact that second-year Coach Eddie Holbrook now feels much more at home. He came to Furman following 14 seasons at Gardner Webb, where he won 344 of 411 games. He says last season was frustrating because he tried to blend his pressure style of play with the more deliberate approach of his predecessor, Joe Williams. "This year we'll play baseline to baseline," says Holbrook.

WEST Brigham Young may be king of the mountains in the WAC, but Utah and New Mexico are not far down the slopes. The Lobos retain three starters from a rebuilding season and are bolstered by newcomer Kenny Page, a guard who transferred from Ohio State. Nonetheless Norm Ellenberger, like most coaches, is pessimistic. "We're so bad, I can't stand it," he says. Utah should pose the most serious threat to BYU. The Utes have the league's other dandy Danny in Danny Vranes, their leading rebounder and field-goal shooter last year, plus two other holdover starters.

San Diego, 19-7 last season in Division II, has stepped up to play with the big boys of the WCAC. "No one knows what we have," says Coach Jim Brovelli, "and I like that." It may not matter, though, because San Francisco should retain its title despite the loss of All-America Center Bill Cartwright. The Dons will be overpowering because 7-foot Wallace Bryant fills the void in the middle nicely, and there are two promising freshman guards, Raymond McCoy and Quinlan Dailey, to bolster a strong backcourt. San Francisco's toughest challenge should now come from Portland and Seattle. The Chieftains' 7-foot center, Jawnan Oldham, will be joined by several newcomers, including Oliver Manuel, who is capable of jumping 40 inches straight up. Portland is depending on improved depth and Center Bryan Beard, a redshirt last season.

"I don't think there's a clear-cut favorite in the Pac-10," says Washington Coach Marv Harshman. He's right. Although the odds favor UCLA and Oregon State, Harshman's Huskies are no pushovers; they retain the entire roster from last season's 11-16 team. Among the holdovers is 7' 2", 265-pound Center Petur Gudmundsson from Iceland. Washington State lost all-league Center James Donaldson, but the Cougars return three other players who scored in double figures. According to Arizona Coach Fred Snowden, to beat the big boys from California you have to start in their own backyard. So he did, coming up with Leon Wood, the leading high school scorer in California history, and David Mosebar, the state's JC Player of the Year. Southern Cal is suffering because bone chips have hobbled Center Doug Wiffeldt and the pros snapped up Cliff Robinson. Arizona State's dominating center, 6' 10" Kurt Nimphus, will get help from Alton Lister in the ASU two-post offense, but the Sun Devils shouldn't rise higher than the middle of the league. Stanford and Cal should battle for the conference cellar, even though the Cardinals have outstanding Forward Kimberly Belton and the Bears brought in their best class of recruits ever. Oregon may figure in the basement battle, too, because five new faces will line up for the Ducks.

Long Beach State Coach Tex Winter just shakes his head

and says, "We sure look good on paper." They sure do, which means the 49ers may win their first PCAA title in two seasons. Winter has four starters back, including Francois Wise and Michael Wiley, both of whom suffered mid-season injuries when Long Beach was 9-0 and nationally ranked. The 49ers went 7-12 thereafter. Defending champion Pacific has four holdover starters, including Ron Cornelius, the league's best player.

Jerry Tarkanian can stop biting his towel because Nevada-Las Vegas is off its two-year probation and eligible for postseason play. And just in time, too. In the early going the youthful Rebels will rely heavily on Guard Ray Williams, the only senior and starter from last season's 21-8 team. Later on Tarkanian will be able to shift some of the burden to three newcomers, each of whom was named Player of the Year in his home city: Sidney Green (New York), Michael Johnson (Los Angeles) and Larry Anderson (Pittsburgh). Another factor that should help offset UNLV's inexperience is that 11 of its first 12 games are at home.

MIDWEST A Kansas basketball insider warns anyone trying to gauge this year's Jayhawk squad that "we can make you look very bad. We could be anywhere from 27-3 to 18-12." The Jayhawks will capture the Big Eight title and challenge for 27 wins only if Coach Ted Owens can find a big man to support junior Guard Darnell Valentine, freshman Guard Ricky Ross and the rest of the fast-breaking, pressing team.

If Kansas goes belly up and Missouri never gets off the ground, watch out for Oklahoma. The defending conference champion Sooners, 21-10 last season, have lost Big Eight Player of the Year John McCullough and supersub Cary Carrabine, but they retain the services of four starters with double-digit scoring averages. Among them is ever-improving Raymond Whitley, an explosive guard who won the Big Eight tournament MVP award.

Although Texas A&M and Arkansas figure to dominate the Southwest Conference, rebuilt Houston will spring plenty of surprises. The Cougars recruited Forward Larry Rogers, an ex-Army star and New York Knick draftee, Guard Robert Williams, a blue-chipper from nearby Milby High, and Center Darryl Brown and Guard Walker Russell, two heralded junior-college transfers.

Indiana State, the darlings of college basketball last season, lost the spectacular Larry Bird to the Boston Celtics, but Brad Miley, Alex Gilbert, Steve Reed and Carl Nicks are back. So is Bob Heaton, often called "the best sixth man in the country." The Sycamores just might win the Missouri Valley again, but they won't win their first 33 games as they did in 1978-79. In the Valley, Indiana State must worry about Creighton. The Blue Jays were only 14-13 last season, but that record was accomplished with nine freshmen and sophomores. Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson welcomes his son Randy, a transfer from Cowley County (Kans.) Community College, and five promising freshmen—including an exciting forward, Antoine Carr. Drake will miss Wayne Krelow and Chad Nelson, but not as much as one might think. Newcomer Lewis Lloyd, from New Mexico Military Institute, was the nation's top junior-college scorer last season with a 31.5-point average.

continued

Though Dr. Dunkelstein, Darrell Griffith, is still around, Louisville's domination of the Metro Conference appears to be over. The Cardinals will be good again—but not good enough to hold off Virginia Tech and Florida State. Griffith's supporting cast includes the McCray brothers, freshman Rodney and sophomore Scooter. The older McCray is a passing whiz who will be more at home now that he's moved from center to forward. The 6'7" Rodney and 6'8" sophomore Wiley Brown might help the Cardinals overcome the absence of an intimidating center. Brown will be helped by his lower weight—217, down from 225—greater experience and new thumb. A childhood accident cost Brown his right thumb and turned him into a lefthander, but last season he had trouble gripping the ball on rebounds and free throws. So Louisville has had him fitted with an artificial thumb. It works fine, when it stays on. The thumb came off in a collision in a preseason game and flew toward the bleachers. Brown nonchalantly picked it up, tossed it to the bench and then slammed home a dunk the next time he touched the ball.

Ken Hayes, who never had a losing season in 11 years at Tulsa and New Mexico State, should keep his streak intact at Oral Roberts. Tulsa fans have not seen the last of their former coach, Ken Trickey, however. Trickey is now at Oklahoma City, and the Chiefs should be Oral Roberts' toughest competition in the new Midwestern City Conference.

MIDEAST LSU and Kentucky are not about to lap the rest of the SEC field, not with 38 of the league's 50 starters from last season back in action. "There isn't a cinch win in the SEC," says LSU Coach Dale Brown, and he's right. Tennessee, the surprise champion of the conference's 1979 tournament, has four of five regulars on hand, including All-SEC Forward Reggie Johnson, who scored 21.2 points a game. Another thing the Vols have going for them is the brand of defense that second-year Coach Don DeVoe learned as Bobby Knight's assistant at West Point. DeVoe is on the offensive, though, when it comes to talking about rival Georgia's schedule. "Hugh Durham will have the best winning percentage in the conference going into the month of January," he says. "I don't think he should be able to sandbag a schedule." DeVoe is upset over Georgia's non-conference games with such juggernauts as Troy State, Whittier, Eckerd, Erskine, Belmont and Lenoir Rhyne. Durham has defended the schedule on grounds that he will start three freshmen this season. One of them, Forward Dominique Wilkins, scored 51 points in the Bulldogs' first public scrimmage. Off its past performances alone, Alabama figures to be tough again: the Tide has won 22 games in six of the last seven years.

Iowa might be right up there with Indiana, Ohio State and Purdue in the Big Ten, and that's no corn. Coach Lute Olson thinks he has the best point guard in the country in Ronnie Lester, a senior who needs only 100 points to break the Hawkeye career scoring record of 1,522 set by Don Nelson. Olson can also count on Kevin Boyle, the conference's best freshman last season, and a pair of 6'10" junior centers named Steve Waite and Krafcsik.

Illinois started out last season by going 15-0 and then

went into a tailspin that the FAA couldn't have explained. The Illini finished at 19-11. Five starters are back, but no one except 6'11" Center Derek Holcomb will play the same position he did in 1978-79. Minnesota could have the biggest front line in the country if 7'2" freshman Randy Breuer comes along fast enough to join 6'11" Kevin McHale, already one of the best big men around, and 6'10" Gary Holmes. As for defending national champion Michigan State, well, the magic is gone.

The teams chasing Toledo in the Mid-American Conference can be consoled by a new postseason tournament designed to keep almost everybody happy: seven of the 10 teams will qualify.

Should Jacksonville falter, UNC at Charlotte is ready to pounce on the Sun Belt championship. The 49ers have an excellent guard in Chad Kinch, a 20.6-point scorer. The battle for the Ohio Valley Conference should be as close as it was last year when Eastern Kentucky beat Western Kentucky 78-77 in the tournament final. Eastern again has the edge with James Tullman, who has the highest scoring average (26.9) of any returning major-college player.

As for the independents, Detroit will have its third coach in four years, former NBA player Willie McCarter. He inherits three starters from last season's team that finished 22-6 and once again showed a penchant for failure in post-season tournaments. Marquette Coach Hank Raymonds must be feeling a bit like Job. After all but being shut out in the recruiting game, he lost his center, Dean Marquardt, until at least mid-January because of injuries suffered in an auto accident. Then, one of the Warrior's best forwards, Oliver Lee, broke his left foot in practice. He should miss at least a month. Raymonds ended up asking two walk-ons to come out for the team. "I really don't know what we're going to do," says Raymonds. "Probably take the air out of the ball."

EAST Except for newcomer Georgia Tech, the ACC teams lining up behind North Carolina, Duke and Virginia are nothing to sneeze at. That's good news for the conference faithful who were chagrined after five of their representatives caught bad colds in the NCAA and NIT tournaments last March. But it's bad news for Georgia Tech (a-choo!) which picked a poor time to enter the conference. The Engineers could become the first team since 1955 to go winless in league competition.

Up north, the new Big East Conference may rival the ACC, seeing as six of its seven members were in post-season tournaments last year. Connecticut has to play the three front-runners, St. John's, Syracuse and Georgetown, on the road, but the Huskies should still have a good record. They feature two of the best sophomores anywhere in Corby Thompson and Mike McKay. Providence's chances can be expressed this way: the Friar center's name is Rich Hunger, as in strictly from.

Holy Cross is hoping that star senior Guard Ron Perry will be better than ever after surgery on his right knee. Even if Perry does hobble a little, the Crusaders should still be the best team in the ECAC North.

Iona should be the class of the ECAC Metro region, even though Center Jeff Ruland left some of his fight on

continued

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *Continued*

the football field. Ruland, who had 20.4 points and 11.3 rebounds a game last season, suffered a fracture in a finger of his shooting hand during a scuffle at an intramural football game and must play himself into shape.

The men's team may take a back seat to the women's at Old Dominion (page 94), but the Monarchs will dominate the ECAC South. Returning from a squad that finished 23-7 last season are Ronnie Valentine, a 23.4-point scorer, and Ronnie McAdoo, cousin of Bob. Old Dominion's center may be a freshman who's a spelling bee unto himself, Bert Kragtjik (pronounced Kragtjik) from The Netherlands.

Because Rutgers brought in some excellent recruits, the Scarlet Knights' opponents in the Eastern Eight area's buying Coach Tom Young's assessment that this will be a rebuilding year. Although they are looking for an adequate replacement for departed Center James Bailey, Forward Kelvin Troy and Guard Darius Griffin are outstanding. La Salle is the East Coast Conference favorite mainly because its new coach, Dave Ervin, inherits Forward Michael Brooks, who had 23.3 points and 13.3 rebounds a game for the Explorers before starting in the Pan-Am Games.

NCAA semifinalist Penn should fall back closer to the rest of the Ivy League, but the Quakers nonetheless should win their eighth title in 10 years. Although last season's starting front line is gone, Penn has capable sophomores Vincent Ross and Tom Leifsen to fill two of the holes, and the backcourt is exceptionally strong with five good guards. Yale has six of its eight top scorers back and the league's best rebounder, sophomore Tim Doolleman. Princeton has six freshmen who are all good enough to help, but the Tigers' early schedule will probably prove to be rigorous.

Furman won't have an easy time in the Southern Conference because every team except defending champion Appalachian State has improved. The Citadel, paced by leading scorer Tom Slawson, could be the best of the challengers. Independent South Carolina will spend the year saying goodbye to Coach Frank McGuire, who will retire after this, his 16th season. All of the starters are back, and 20 wins would salve some of the wounds that were opened when the school tried to remove the 65-year-old coach before the season began.

continued

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TWO SMALLS HIT IT BIG

by MYRA GELBAND

In the nine years that Ken Cochran has been coaching at Marymount College in Salina, Kans., his teams have put together a 240-37 record. The Spartans have been nationally ranked in the NAIA in eight of those seasons and, with six lettermen returning from a squad that had a 26-6 season, they are a good bet to reach the national tournament again. Last March they made it to the quarterfinals. Not bad for a school that 11 years ago had no male students.

Credit for such sustained success belongs to Cochran, a dynamic man possessed of a keen recruiting eye, boundless energy and a drive to be the best. Appropriately at a small college (enrollment 787) run by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Concordia, faculty members use the term B.C., Before Cochran, to designate a bygone era. "It was a nice enough place B.C.," they will tell visitors, "but not nearly as exciting as it is now."

Cochran grew up in Joplin, Mo. and has lived in Kansas most of his life, which makes him an eloquent promoter for the Midwest when he's recruiting Easterners. Though he no longer makes as many forays to New York, he still draws heavily from that area; witness the presence on the Spartan roster of Brooklyn's Larry Jones, the Spartans' 5' 7" point guard and Henry Murphy, another guard, and Jerry Haynes, out of the Bronx.

Cochran's selling job was made easier this year with the completion of Salina's Bicentennial Center, where Marymount will play 18 home games. The new arena is the showcase that Cochran has always wanted, but it seats 7,300 and he is worried about filling it. In addition to being basketball coach and teaching three physical education courses, Cochran is in charge of selling seats.

For an exhibition game against the Australian national team in early November, Cochran lined up a Middle Eastern dance troupe—"Please don't call them belly dancers," he said—a senior-citizens kitchen-gadget band and a post-game dance for the crowd of 5,500. His concern about attendance is exceeded only by his desire to win, which Marymount did, 88-64.

DEFENSE is stenciled neatly on the backs of the Spartans' practice jerseys. "Pressure defense is our bread and butter," Cochran says. "In 1973 we went to our first national tournament and were beaten 74-73 by Slippery Rock. They just ran and pressed us to death. It was so effective I've been using it ever since." Marymount uses a full-court press throughout every game, which is frustrating for opponents



Cochran gives Marymount something to shout about.

and exhausting for the Spartans. No one plays the whole game. There is a substitution every two or three minutes. "It means we have to be two deep at every position," says Cochran. "When someone gets tired, he comes out."

Marymount's offense is so balanced that Jones, the little junior billed as the Marymount Magician, comes off the bench. Tommy Williams and Keith Robinson, each 6' 3", are the starting guards. Forward Jerry Haynes had 21 points and 16 rebounds a game last season for Manhattan (N.Y.) Community College, and Cochran expects more of the same from him and David Williams, who led last year's Spartans with 13 points a game. The center is Chris Rorabough, one of three Kansans on the team.

Mention the name Ken Cochran to Clarence Gaines, the coach at Winston-Salem (N.C.) State University, and he will tell you that Cochran recruited some kids Gaines wanted. Mention the name Clarence Gaines to Cochran—or most any coach in the U.S.—and he will step back and say almost reverently, "Ah, Big House. He's quite a fellow."

In the 34 years Gaines has been at Winston-Salem, his teams have won 639 games, more victories than for any other active coach. So strongly are Winston-Salem and Big House identified with each other that when the new physical education building was completed two years ago, the board of trustees named it the C. E. Gaines Athletic Complex. Little wonder, then, that

Big House often must remind people that he's only 56 years old.

One reason for the bond is that Winston-Salem, a black college with some 2,200 students, is the only place Gaines has ever coached. He arrived there in 1945, fresh from Morgan State in Baltimore, where he acquired both his bachelor's degree in chemistry and his nickname.

The nickname stayed with Gaines as his massive build—6' 4" and 250 pounds—matured into coachly bearing. At 23, after one year as an assistant, Big House was named head coach of all sports at Winston-Salem. Within three years, every Ram team had a winning record.

His wife, Clara, a graceful woman of abiding patience, compares her husband's coaching style with his approach to another game he loves—poker. "He hates to lose at anything," she says. "I see him sizing up the other coaches and shuffling his players like cards in a poker hand."

Last season Gaines guided Winston-Salem's basketball team to the CIAA Southern division title, after which it lost to High Point in the NAIA District 26 semifinals. Three starters from that 19-9 team are back, along with enough reserves to help the Rams repeat as division champs. Reggie Gaines (no relation), who led the Rams in scoring with 24.5 points per game, is still around, as are Mark Clark, a guard who contributed 13.9 points a game, and Forward Mike Robinson, Winston-Salem's leading rebounder.

Gaines isn't concerned that his players average only 6' 3".

Big House coaches quietly, but his teams make noise.



"I tell them, small animals have to learn tracks to protect themselves from the big animals. Our players just have to be more efficient," says Big House.

For the last 12 seasons Gaines' only assistant has been Bill English, who played for Big House during the glorious late 1960s, when Earl Monroe led the Rams to a national championship. Though Big House is cunning when it comes to game strategy, English insists that the essence of the Rams' style of play is ageless. "Everything is the same as when I played," he says. "Basically we run an open pattern with six or seven variations, but it's all fundamentals and drills." "It's hard for a kid to be All-City Philadelphia and find out he can't execute a stop," Gaines says sympathetically. "You scold or embarrass them, maybe you see teardrops in their eyes, then you know it's time to let up a bit." And his understanding of the joys of youth is evident on such occasions as the night of the homecoming queen coronation, when he stopped practice early. "There are two parts to it," he says. "They have rights, too."

Big House will tell you how integration has made recruiting for a small, black college a more difficult task, though for him it is less a problem than for most. These days many of his players come, sight unseen, on the recommendations of scattered alumni. The kids are eager to play for him, and most of them will graduate. That matters to Big House as much as winning basketball games.

"I like the fact that this is my program, and that it's good," he says with pride. "If a grown man can't outthink an 18-year-old, then he shouldn't be coaching him. I've satisfied myself here, as much as a sociologist as coach."

As Cochran says, Big House is quite a fellow.

Marymount and Winston-Salem are only two of a passel of genuine challengers for the NAIA's national title. Defending champion Drury College of Missouri graduated three starters from its 33-2 squad but nonetheless has hopes for another championship because of the presence of Forward Marcus Peel, a transfer from Tulsa who will be eligible on Dec. 27. Everybody is back at South Carolina's surprise newcomer, Winthrop College, which in its first year of basketball had a 25-10 record and almost won its district under the steady guidance of Coach Neild Gordon and the steady play of 6' 10" twins Ronnie and Donnie Creamer. Cameron University of Oklahoma finished at 36-3 last season and was No. 1 in the poll before succumbing in the tournament quarterfinals. Its terrific trio of Leroy Jackson, Andre King and Ray Franklin could take the Aggies all the way to the title this time.

North Alabama lost three starters but kept All-America Otis Boddie, a 19.3-points-a-game scorer, from the 22-9 team that beat Wisconsin-Green Bay to win the NCAA Division II championship. Bo Clark, the nation's leading college scorer at 31.6 points a game, returns to play for his dad, Torchy, at Central Florida. Philadelphia Textile, Bridgeport, Nicholls State and Puget Sound are other perennial powers that will again challenge for the championship.

North Park College of Illinois, led by the 22.5-point scoring of Center Michael Harper, is favored to win its third consecutive NCAA Division III title.

CONTINUED

Although the number of quality teams from coast to coast is increasing, one stands out the way UCLA once did in the men's game. Defending champion Old Dominion has so much ability and depth that some coaches rank its starting team No. 1 in the country and its bench No. 2. Led by Player of the Year Nancy Lieberman (page 106) and 6' 5" Center Inge Nissen, a Danish import who scored 22 points a game and blocked 154 shots, the Lady Monarchs last season had a 35-1 record and defeated Louisiana Tech 75-65 to win the AIAW championship.

Seven letterwomen, including four starters, are back at Old Dominion, and Coach Marianne Stanley has added a potential superstar in 6' 8" Anne Domovian, the nation's tallest and most sought-after high school recruit last season, and Canada's No. 1 player, Chris Critelli, who was redshirted a year ago. Stephen F. Austin and U.S. Olympic Coach Sue Gunter says, "Old Dominion has every weapon you want in an arsenal. They have an awesome inside game, outside shooters, Nancy Lieberman, height, speed, experience, quickness and depth. I run out of adjectives trying to describe them."

On Dec. 14 the Lady Monarchs will face their toughest opponent, the touring U.S.S.R. national team, but Lieberman, for one, isn't awed. "I've played against them four times," she says. "They wear you down, but we can beat them." If the Soviets, with 7' 2", 265-pound Uliana Semenova and four other players who are 6' 4" and taller, cannot beat the Big Blue Machine, who can? Perhaps no one, but Stanley is concerned that with so much offense—all four Old Dominion starters had double-figure scoring averages last season—the team might rush shots, play street ball or get sloppy. Not likely, but opponents need something to build a dream on.

If the Lady Monarchs self-destruct, three disciplined teams that emphasize defense, Stephen F. Austin, Louisiana Tech and Tennessee, probably will fight for the title. Up front where games are won, Stephen F. has 6' 1", 185-pound All-America Rosie Walker, the most mobile and physical forward in the country, 6' 3" Vanessa Anderson and 6-foot All-America Barbara Brown. Last season, play-



Austin's Gunter stoops and conquers.

REIGNING MONARCHS

by **NANCY WILLIAMSON**

ing in a unique triple-post offense, Walker shot 65%, best in the nation, and led the Ladyjacks in scoring (26 points per game) and rebounding (12.8), while Brown averaged 19.3 points and Anderson, a tenacious defender, pulled down 39.5 rebounds. After beating Louisiana Tech 83-82 and Texas 70-59 for the state title, Stephen F. was favored to win the Southwest regional playoff, but was upset by Wayland Baptist, a team the Ladyjacks had beaten three times. "The loss hurt me so bad I thought I'd be sick for 20 years," says Walker, who was held to a season-low 16 points. It turned out that Wayland had finally learned how to defend against Walker and company—let them shoot from outside but shut off their inside game. Well, that may have worked last season, but the odds are it will not this time around. The addition of outside sharpshooters Bonnie Buchanan, an All-America at Tyler (Texas) Junior College, where she had 24 points and 18 rebounds a game, and Pam Crawford, an extraordinary leaper who was the state high school MVP in Louisiana, will give Stephen F. a more balanced attack. Both were heavily recruited by fierce rival Louisiana Tech, but Crawford says, "I'm all Texan now."

Win or lose, the Ladyjacks, not their male counterparts, the Lumberjacks, are the darlings of Nacogdoches, Texas. Not long ago women's basketball at Stephen F. was a BYOC—Bring Your Own Chair—affair, but last season the Ladyjacks drew 5,000 fans a game (the Lumberjacks' average attendance was 1,800), set a Coliseum single-game attendance record of 8,104, earned \$10,000 at the gate and picked up another \$10,000 from the local boosters' club. "The team has done more for the university than the university has done for the team," says the president, Dr. William Johnson.

Across the nearby Texas-Louisiana border, which soon may be strung with barbed wire to keep out Gunter and her recruiters, Louisiana Tech is also experiencing the delights of fan adoration. After losing the title to Old Dominion, the Lady Techsters were treated to a police escort from the Monroe airport to the Ruston campus, where they were greeted by a huge billboard: LADY TECHSTERS—NO. 2

continued

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IN THE NATION, NO. 1 IN OUR HEARTS. Old grad Terry Bradshaw never had it so good. "The Lady Techsters are more popular than the Mardi Gras," says the school's president, Dr. F. Jay Taylor, who attends scrimmages, travels with the team and often watches a tape of the first half of the championship game, which ended with Tech leading Old Dominion 32-27.

Led by 6' 5" All-America Center Elinor (Sweet E) Griffin and the country's two best freshmen, Pam Kelly and Angela Turner, Tech in 1978-79 soared from a preseason ranking of 18 to the No. 2 spot. The season was a series of highlights. In January the Lady Techsters beat UCLA 85-81, handing the Bruins their first home loss in 37 games, dating back to 1975. They then went on to win the state title and the Southwest and Central regional championships. Tech finished with a 34-4 record, sustaining three of the losses by a total of five points. At the championship in Greensboro, N.C., it ran out of gas, possibly because its players were up all night after a burglar broke into Kelly's hotel room. The intruder got five years, a stiff sentence but perhaps deserved considering that Old Dominion held Kelly, Tech's leading scorer, to seven points.

Last season Tech's slogan was "Year of the Challenge"; now it is "Lady Techsters Shooting for the Stars." Unfortunately, one of the stars, Griffin, underwent surgery on her right knee in August and may be out for the season. That could make it a long one for Tech, but Coach Sonja (Rainbow) Hogg, who is known for her colorful ensembles ("Honey, this isn't a vinyl suit, it's leather"), had an excellent recruiting year, landing high school All-Americans from Tennessee, Mississippi and Missouri, as well as 6' 5" junior-college transfer Janice Mulford. While Griffin mends, Tech will start three freshmen and two sophomores, but Kelly and Turner play like seniors. They'll make Tech hard to stop.

The other top contender, Tennessee, third in the nation last season, lost its outside shooting game with the graduation of All-America Cindy Brogden and the surprising departure of sophomore Jerilyn Harper, who transferred to Tennessee Tech. However, Coach Pat Head, never one to be out-transferred, landed the biggest catch of the year when Wayland Baptist's two-time All-America, Jill Rankin, decided to close out her career in Knoxville. Rankin, the country's third-leading scorer with 29.4 points a game, will have to adjust to the punishing defense of "Tennessee Terror," as Head is called. Once she does, the Vols should be tougher than ever, since the 6' 3" Rankin, 6' 5" Cindy (Ace) Noble and 6-foot Debbie Ginoever give Tennessee a star-war inside game and Holly (Hollywood) Warlick is the country's best female playmaking guard.

The Big Four should make it to the AIAW championships at Central Michigan University in March, but they will all be tested before they get there. Texas will again

have a quick, scrappy team that could give Stephen F. Austin and Louisiana Tech trouble. Longhorn Coach Jody Conradt has one of the finest backcourts in the country, and Jill Rankin's sister, Debra, a 30-point scorer in high school, will add punch up front.

Old Dominion and Tennessee play in the country's toughest region, the Southeast, where they'll have to contend with North Carolina State, South Carolina and Tennessee Tech. N.C. State retains four starters who shot 53% from the field, tops in the country, and Coach Kay Yow finally has depth, having recruited three able freshmen. South Carolina, the only team to beat Old Dominion last year, will again be physically punishing—Sheila Foster, 6' 1" and 180 pounds, is the most rugged of the South Carolina starters—and top recruit Evelyn Johnson, Magic's sister, who set a Michigan high school record with 1,762 points in her three

seasons, will add offensive depth. "No one is looking forward to spending 40 minutes in the gym with that squad," says Head, who also fears Tennessee Tech. The Golden Eaglettes, destroyed by injuries last season, are now healthy, and transfer Harper, who hit 56% from the floor in 1978-79, may provide the shooting they need to pull off an upset in the regionals.

In the East, Rutgers proved it was serious last season, finishing seventh in the polls with a 28-4 record. The Lady Knights still have Forward June Okrowski and the speedy Coyle twins, Mary and Patty, but they lack height. Penn State is tall enough, with 6' 4" Mary Donovan, Anne's older sister, and the Lady Lions may also have the surprise recruits of the season, twin Guards Chris and Corinne Gulas, who scored 1,000 points each in their high school careers. Maryland lost four starters, but could, nonetheless, be tough because of reliable 6' 4" Center Kris Kirchner and a newcomer, Guard Debbie Lytle. Lytle has all the moves, but as a freshman she may not yet have the poise needed to handle the point. If she doesn't, the Terps could be overtaken by fast-rising Cheyney State.

For a change, UCLA will not be the only strong team on the West Coast. Cal State-Long Beach has four starters back from a 24-8 club, including Beth Schroeder, who scored 12.5 points a game and led the 49ers in assists (91) and steals (72). Joining her at guard will be a blue-chip recruit, LaTaunya Pollard, who's a deadly shooter and was MVP of the U.S. Junior National team. However, UCLA always gives Long Beach trouble, and with All-America Denise Curry still on hand the Bruins cannot be counted out. Nevada-Las Vegas could be a surprise, as could Kansas with its All-America forward, Lynette Woodard, who led the nation in scoring (31 points a game) and was second in rebounds (14.3). However, in the end the 1980 champion will more than likely be the team wearing the T-shirt emblazoned with OLD DOMINION STILL THE 1.

THE TOP 10

1. OLD DOMINION
2. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
3. LOUISIANA TECH
4. TENNESSEE
5. TEXAS
6. NORTH CAROLINA ST.
7. RUTGERS
8. LONG BEACH STATE
9. PENN STATE
10. SOUTH CAROLINA

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Rono is all revved up for Moscow

In a big hill-and-dale week, Henry Rono showed he was set to go in the Olympics



Rono's time for the NCAA race was a blazing 28:19.4

The cheering of the crowd swelled in appreciation as Alberto Salazar of the University of Oregon, the defending individual champion, raced down the last straightaway at last week's NCAA cross-country championship in Bethlehem, Pa. Behind Salazar on the 10,000-meter course at Lehigh University lay six miles of rolling pasture, steep hills and 235 fellow collegians—the closest of them a tiny figure nearly two full football fields behind. The strain of maximum effort showed in Salazar's pained expression and laboring stride. Ultimately, he would knock almost a minute and a half off the course record and he would say, not without a touch of pride, "I don't think I could have run any faster no matter what I did today."

Still, on this unseasonably warm day that was not fast enough to win. At the end, 50 yards ahead of Salazar and moving with the relaxed stride of a jogger out to enjoy the Indian summer, was Washington State's Henry Rono. On the track Rono has no equal in his specialties. He holds world records at 3,000, 5,000 and 10,000 meters and in the steeplechase—marks that he set in the space of just 80 days in the spring of 1978. At Lehigh on the Monday before Thanksgiving he proved just as convincingly that he has no equal as a cross-country runner.

His was an imposing display in this first test of the Olympic year. The calendar still reads 1979, but for distance runners the long push for the 1980 Games has begun. It is in cross-country that a distance man builds strength and endurance, the base on which he will draw for the rest of the racing year. What Rono proclaimed to the track world in Bethlehem with his impressive win was that he had built a foundation capable of yielding not one gold medal but two. And just in case

anyone missed the message, moments after breasting the tape the shy and normally reticent 27-year-old Kenyan declared, "I am in the best shape of my life."

Rono's fellow competitors at Lehigh were undeniably impressed. When Villanova's Sydney Maree, who finished seventh, heard Rono's winning time of 28:19.4, his eyes widened. "Whoa," he said, "that means a lot. At this time of year on a tough cross-country course, he is less than a minute away from his 10,000-meter world record [27:22.5]. It makes me wonder what he will do when he gets on the track. Maybe it will be like the last time he won the NCAA cross-country—when he hits his peak, he will squish all the records."

Rono's run in Bethlehem erased doubts about his future, which had arisen after a bad year on the track in 1979. "Bad" in this instance takes some defining. Rono still won the NCAA steeplechase in 8:18, a full four seconds faster than anyone else in the world ran the event in 1979. For the 5,000, however, his best time, 13:19.7, ranked only ninth worldwide, and he had never entered a 10,000.

Rono's disappointing season had started with a miserable NCAA cross-country race. After winning the title as a freshman and sophomore, Rono was heavily favored last fall to join Gerry Lindgren and the late Steve Prefontaine as the only runners ever to win three collegiate cross-country championships. But he took a wrong turn on the course at Madison, Wis., twisted an ankle and lodged to 237th place in a field of 241 runners.

After finally winning the third title in Bethlehem, Rono casually dismissed the past track season. "I was not in top shape," he said. "I was under a lot of pressure in school. I had to work hard in my studies because I had to take all my courses in my major, industrial psychology. I did not want to run so much and then go to class." Now he is running 18 to 20 miles a day and the results are obvious.

Salazar had hoped to wear Rono down with a fast early pace and eventually break contact with the Kenyan by sprint-

continued

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ing at one of the many blind spots on the course. But no matter how hard Salazar ran, Rono stuck with him, and with no apparent effort. At the five-mile mark, when he sensed that Salazar was straining, Rono moved effortlessly into the lead and ran away with the race. "I used to try to lead from the beginning," he said afterward. "Now I have so much confidence I just stay with the others and wait for the last mile to run."

Salazar suffered a double disappointment in Bethlehem when Oregon lost the team title, 86-93, to the University of Texas at El Paso. Oregon and UTEP had split the last six championships. This time Oregon was the first school to get five runners across the finish line, but UTEP, with four men among the top 20, secured the NCAA crown when its fifth man, freshman Tom Marweu, struggled home in 74th place.

For Salazar, who trained right through last summer despite a stress fracture in his left ankle, the full cross-country season ended on a happy note. Last Sunday, just five days after the NCAA showdown, the AAU held its championship on a demanding, newly completed 10,000-meter course bordering North Carolina State's Carter-Finley Stadium in Raleigh. When Rono decided not to try to become the first to win an NCAA-AAU cross-country double, Salazar became the man to beat in the AAU. Once more he set a fast early pace. He was timed at the mile mark in a startling 4:08.3, a time he later refused to accept as accurate. At the top of a long hill between the one- and two-mile marks, Salazar broke away from the field and ran the rest of the way virtually alone. His time of 30:27.8 put him almost 20 seconds ahead of the second-place finisher, Herb Lindsay. What's more, Salazar's team, the Greater Boston Track Club, was also an easy winner, with four of the top five finishers.

This year, for the first time, the AAU held its men's and women's championships together, and the women stole the



Shea sagged after her AAU win, then finished second at the AAU.

show at Raleigh. Perhaps it was because there was so much more at stake for the women: the first six finishers over the 5,000-meter loop—which the men ran twice—qualified for the national women's team, which will defend its title at the International Cross-Country Championship in March at Paris (the men's team will not be chosen until February). Moreover, there was the strong possibility that a woman would score the first collegiate-AAU double. And just to make matters more dramatic, the woman in question was Julie Shea of North Carolina State, a hometown girl from Raleigh.

Shea had won the Division I AAU title the previous weekend in Tallahassee, covering the fast 5,000-meter course on Florida State's Seminole Golf Course in 16:35.0 and leading NC State to the team title in the process. Oregon was again second. Shea had won in Florida by outrunning Virginia's Margaret Groos up the last hill before the finish line. Then came her trademark—total collapse. Shea had to be pulled through the chute by officials, her feet dragging as if she were dead, her eyes half open with only the whites showing. That was the fourth time this year that Shea had beaten Groos, a fact that puzzled the third-place

finisher, Lynn Jennings of Princeton. "Margaret is faster and stronger," said Jennings. "But Julie Shea is a very determined woman."

With that observation, Jennings went off to warm down with Groos, who is an old friend. Before they finished cooling off, they had agreed to run together at the AAU championship in the hope that both would win trips to Paris. So, in Raleigh it was Jennings who led through the first mile, with Jan Merrill, Groos and Shea grouped closely behind her. At the start of the long hill which Salazar later used to separate himself from the field, Jennings began to sprint. "Lynn looked back and shouted, 'Come on, Margaret,'" Groos related afterward. "I never would have gone at that pace without her. I usually try to

stay behind Julie and catch her at the end. I probably would have done that again today, and it would have messed me up. I think I've just found a new way to race Julie."

At the two-mile mark, Jennings began to fade and Groos took the lead. Shea gave steady chase, but she was too far behind this time. "I kept thinking Margaret would come back to me," she said, "but she never did." Groos won in 16:53.9, almost eight seconds ahead of Shea. The third-place finisher, Merrill, was nearly 20 seconds back, and behind her was Brenda Webb of the Knoxville Track Club. Jennings staggered in fifth in 17:21.1, just half a second ahead of the last qualifier for the trip to Paris, Joan Benoit, the winner of the AAU Division III title in Tallahassee and the No. 2-ranked female marathoner in the world.

When she had finished signing autographs and the press had left to watch the start of the men's race, Groos went looking for Jennings. The two finally spotted one another in the milling crowd of runners. The exhausted Jennings opened her arms wide for a big embrace and shouted, "Margaret, we made it. We'll always have Paris."

CONTINUED

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by Sarah Pileggi

It was easy as pie

The Northfield Mount Hermon School is situated on the banks of the Connecticut River in western Massachusetts, deep in the heart of New England prep country. Its athletic rivalry with Deerfield Academy, a few miles to the south, is well known, at least in prep circles, and Deerfield Weekend is the high, or low, point of Mount Hermon's football season, depending on its outcome.

For the last 88 years Mount Hermon has also been running, but its premier event, the annual Bemis-Forslund Pie Race, has been a rather well-kept secret. That's a shame, because there is nothing quite like it. For one thing, it is the oldest footrace in the U.S., six years older than the Boston Marathon and, by those who know it, more highly regarded. Students, faculty, staff, alumni and occasionally a guest or two are invited each year to the rural Mount Hermon campus to run a 4.5-mile cross-country course on the Monday of Thanksgiving week. The first three boy students, the first three girl students and the first alumnus and alumna to finish receive medals. Everyone else who beats a specified time—33 minutes for males, 40 minutes for females—gets a pie, a 10-inch, two-crust, all-American apple pie made that morning in the school bakery.

Successful middle-aged men have returned to Mount Hermon year after year in pursuit of that prize. When gasping runners cross the finish line, the urgent question on their lips is not "Who won?" or "What was my time?" but rather, "Did I win a pie?"

In the beginning, 1891, the race was not for pies and was distasteful to many because it was compulsory. Every student at the Mount Hermon School for Boys, "an earnestly Christian" institution founded by Dwight Lyman Moody, a cel-

ebated evangelist of the day, was required to run a six-mile cross-country race once a year, regardless of his age or physical condition. The winner was given a medal, but everyone else ran for the greater glory of his dormitory team. Fifty-six years later, the Rev. Orvil (Pappy) Mintz, Class of '25 and a retired faculty member, still remembers the experience as one of the worst of his life.

"Oh, it was just awful," says Axel B. Forslund, the man who changed all that. Forslund is a towering, genial Swede from Brooklyn who retired in 1970, after 41 years as Mount Hermon's athletic director, with his Flatbush accent intact. He had arrived at the school in 1929 at the age of 25, fresh out of Springfield College and with progressive ideas about physical education. By 1932 he had shortened the course to its present 4.5 miles, made participation voluntary, located an alumnus named Henry Bemis willing to endow a fund to pay for the medals and the pies and set the qualifying time for a pie at 33 minutes.

"Why pies?" said Forslund last week, back on campus to fire the starting gun, as he does each year. "Oh, it was something different, something to eat and something to share with roommates. Boys were always hungry."

At the beginning only 10 or 12% of the boys who ran won pies, but over the years the number has gradually risen until today, with 33 minutes still the criterion, about 80% of the field carries home a pie. This year, of the estimated 509 who finished, 420 won pies.



The field streams by the Mount Hermon School's chapel at the start of the country's oldest footrace.

In 1972, when the student bodies of Mount Hermon and its sister school across the river, Northfield, were merged, girls began to compete, and what had been the Bemis Pie Race since 1931 became the Bemis-Forslund Pie Race to honor Gladys Forslund, Axel's wife, a loyal spectator at all Mount Hermon sporting events for four decades.

In a normal year the Pie Race is pretty much a family affair. This year, however, Mount Hermon is celebrating its centennial, and for the occasion, Frank Shorter, Class of '65, the school's most celebrated sporting alumnus, agreed to return for a try at regaining the race record he had held from 1965 to 1975. With Shorter in the field, a simple, down-home pie race became a media event and potentially a step on the road to Moscow, where Shorter is said to be aiming for the 10,000 in the Olympics.

The progress of Shorter's recovery from the foot surgery he underwent in April 1978 has been the subject of much speculation. He was disappointed with his seventh-place finish in the New York Marathon in October but was cheered the next day when an examination revealed a lower back condition and resultant nerve damage in his left leg that may have been the source of his leg and foot ailments all along. Most people would not breathe easier upon discovering they had back trouble, but Shorter's experiences over the past three years have been so puzzling and frustrating that he seemed delighted at last to have something tangible to come to grips with.

continued

The significance of the humble Pie Race in the grander Olympic scheme of things was that if Shorter was going to try to break the record set by a student, Kevin Prest, in 1975 (21:54), he was going to have to run hard. Only Shorter knew whether he could, and he wasn't saying. Someone looking for clues, however, might have noted his remarkably high spirits when he arrived at the old school.

An aura of dignity bordering occasionally on hauteur surrounds Shorter at most public occasions. He does not suffer fools gladly. His brown eyes flash and his slender hawklike nose fairly quivers with a disdain that keeps even the dimmest wits at bay. Yet on this visit, his first to Mount Hermon since 1968 when he was a junior at Yale, he was at ease and apparently enjoying himself. He and his wife Louise and their 7-month-old baby, Alex, wandered the campus, took meals with the students in the cafeteria-style dining hall and talked with whoever approached them. At first the students held back, trying politely not to stare, but at the same time sizing Shorter up with furtive glances. Eventually they gave up and gawked. At lunch on the day of the race, a table was reserved for the cross-country teams and the Shorters to share. Frank talked about training as it was in his day ("We warmed up, ran five miles and showed"); asked questions about the prep

school cross-country championships held a week earlier, in which the Northfield Mount Hermon girls' team had won; and cracked them up with a story of how he had once brushed his teeth after light-out with his acne medicine.

The traditional starting time for the Pie Race is 3:55 p.m., following the last class of the day. In late November that means a great many runners finish in darkness. This year, to accommodate television and still photographers, the last class of the day was canceled and the race was rescheduled to begin at 3:30. As the Mount Hermon Brass Ensemble played Walton's *Fanfare* and Mouret's *Rondeau* (better known now as the *Mastertpiece Theater* music), the host of runners—406 of the student body of 1,130 had entered—lined up at the south end of a large playing field, shivering in the late afternoon chill.

With Axel Forslund's gun they were off, a mass of color streaming past a background of bare sugar maples and a gray stone chapel on a hill; past Crossley Hall, where Shorter recalled having warmed his pies on a radiator when he was a student, past the tennis courts and Shadow Lake, where the hockey team used to play before it got an indoor rink and its own Zamboni. On a winding drive leading downhill toward the school's main gate, about three-quarters of a mile into the race, Shorter took the lead. Out the gate

they went, onto a two-lane highway for a few hundred yards, then off again onto Turners Falls Road, a dirt lane through school property, with barren winter woods on one side and fields of corn stubble on the other.

At the halfway point Shorter was flying and the pack was far behind. The runners made a left turn at Day's Corner, 2.7 miles out, around a pole of rusty farm machinery and onto North Cross Road, past a goat tethered in a side yard, past a colorless, weatherbeaten scarecrow and some beehives.

At 3½ miles the course turned left again and started up Overtown Hill, a steep, quarter-mile pull, dotted with white frame faculty houses. Shorter said later, "I liked that hill." From the top of the hill, with its view of the river and rolling wooded hills to the horizon, it was down to the playing field, around its south end and through a corridor of cheering onlookers to the finish line at the flagpole. With his 20:54 clocking, Shorter had cut a full minute from Prest's record, and he was beaming. He posed for pictures with his pie, and he posed with the second- and third-place finishers and their pies. "Just like old times," he said. He signed autographs until the cold began to penetrate; and then he went into the gym and signed some more. "I really ran hard for the first time in a long time, and it felt good the whole way," he said.

The first time Shorter ran the Pie Race was in 1963, when he was a 16-year-old sophomore at Mount Hermon. He had never run in competition run before. Skiing, football and baseball were his sports that year, according to *The Gateway*, the school yearbook. He says he started that race in about 50th place and gradually worked his way up through the field until, at the finish, he was seventh. Ahead of him were the five-man cross-country team and one cross-country skier. "That was what got me interested in running," he says. "That and the fact I was getting my rear end kicked all over the place playing football."

It is accepted as gospel in running circles that the Great Running Boom in this country was born with Shorter's victory in the Olympic Marathon in Munich in 1972. Perhaps. But it appears that a good case could be made that it really began with a seventh place in a pie race on a November afternoon in Massachusetts in 1963.

END



The top finishers: Shorter (left), John Greenplate, a faculty member, David Ebrahimi, Class of '79

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Nancy Lieberman of Old Dominion rules the world of women's basketball, to which her rough-and-tumble style of play has given a spectacular new dimension

THE GAME IS HER DOMINION

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

As one of the more basic life processes, growing up has gotten a lot of ink. For those representatives of the fairer sex especially, Growing Up can be a harrowing exercise, unless one is Brooke Shields, who accomplished it in the wink of an eyelash, or Margaret Trudeau, who never did get around to it. More common are females against whom the curds seem to be stacked from the beginning. Consider Nancy Lieberman. She is Jewish. She is the product of a broken home. She is a basketball player. Given that Nancy Lieberman is a woman, isn't that at least four strikes already? A Jewish ... woman ... basketball player from a disrupted family?

Playground dude No. 1: "Don't be jivin' with me."

Playground dude No. 2: "I ain't. This chick can dance."

So it was that Nancy Lieberman, a little girl with a little curl right in the middle of her lip, came to be raw and loud and ornery, came to hunger for attention and a way to prove herself and finally came to the basketball court and to dancin' on all those heads that appeared in her line of fire. Boys' heads in particular. Growing Up? Nancy Lieberman made a career out of Growing Up.

Now, at 21, that career is over. From lollipops to lipstick, jeans to jasmine, she has changed. She has turned *continued*





NANCY

continued

anger and defensiveness into diplomacy and a fine sense of PR. The insalubrious, uncontrollable and quintessential New York street urchin has become an articulate spokeswoman for her sport and a favorite role model for the young girls of the Virginia Tidewater. Nancy Lieberman has grown all the way up.

In 1973, as a sophomore at Far Rockaway High School on Long Island, Nancy left the back alleys and the beach courts to the boys and started playing with the girls for the first time. Playing women's basketball. Barely six years later, as she begins her senior season at Norfolk's Old Dominion University, Nancy is women's basketball—the pioneer, the leader, the superstar, the finest all-round player of her game in the land. In an era when any one NBA great seems as rich or as lazy or as legendary as any other NBA great, in a year when fate has supplied the men's college game with the most evenly matched peer group in the last decade, a case can be made for Nancy Lieberman as the most dominant player in basketball. At the women's level there

is nobody close. "A companion?" says Jerry Busone, the assistant coach at Old Dominion. "In our game, Nancy Lieberman is the electric car."

This is not to say that the redheaded 5' 10", 146-pound Lieberman is the most valuable player in the distaff ranks, or even the most valued on her own team, the defending AIAW champion Lady Monarchs. In 6' 5" Inge Nissen they possess the tall, imposing center necessary for success at any level. Indeed, given a choice in the initial construction of a team, most coaches might choose the willowy Nissen over Lieberman. But in the finals of the AIAW tournament in Greensboro, N.C. last March, as Nissen and Louisiana Tech's 6' 5" Elinor Griffin battled each other down low, "the Lieb" grabbed the game—not to mention the championship—by the throat and proved why she is the best.

Rallying ODU from a 32-27 halftime deficit, Lieberman ran and shot. She passed and rebounded. She pressed and stole the ball. Summoning all the faculties with which she had worked so hard,

at the precise moment she had dreamed of for so long, Lieberman simply took control of the game. She finished with 20 points, seven rebounds, seven assists and six steals as ODU won 75-65 to end the season with a 35-1 record and claim the championship everyone had anticipated since Lieberman enrolled three years before.

Long after the AIAWs were over, the picture that remained in everyone's memory was not so much Lieberman's statistical line as her commanding presence. She had always had an exquisite sense of timing and a flair for the dramatic. Now her analytical interpretation of the proceedings and how to cope came to the fore. The Old Dominion defensive press had won the championship, all right. But how?

"The Tech Guard [Mary Nell Kendrick] beat me like a drum in the first half," Nancy told the press. "In studying the way she dribbled, I noticed that she had a tendency to leave the ball behind her hip on her crossover dribble to the left. So I was able to slip behind her for a couple of steals and to force her to turn her head to see where she had left the ball. I think I intimidated her. She became a bit hesitant, leery... and she lost some of her poise."

If that is not a penetrating basketball mind at work, nothing is. A brand new Red on Roundball was loose in the land.

"You look for a model player and Nancy fits every way," says UCLA Coach Billie Moore, who in 1976 also coached the first U.S. women's Olympic team, which included the 18-year-old Lieberman. "She is quick, very smart on the court, a good shooter, excellent jumper, very, very strong rebounder, aggressive, hard-nosed, very strong on defense. She just doesn't have a weakness. She does everything you can ask a player to do."

Including some things nobody in the women's game used to ask for. On the '76 Olympic team was a point guard and veteran of international play named Julienne Simpson; Lieberman was a nervous fawn, one of the last women picked. Nevertheless, at one of the first practices, Lieberman and Simpson crashed into each other going for the boards and the older woman received a concussion.



All is calm now, but years ago Renee Lieberman did not take her daughter's love of sports sitting down.

Simpson had dizzy spells for a week, and Moore didn't know whether to reward her rookie for her aggression or lock her up in a cage.

She decided on the former. At Hamilton, Ontario in a pre-Olympic qualifier against Bulgaria, the U.S. team found itself in trouble when a rather hefty member of the opposition began bombing over the Americans' 1-3-1 zone. Moore called for Lieberman. "Jump at her as hard as you can," Moore counseled, "but jump to the side." Moments later, after they had peeled Lieberman off the Bulgarian and the Bulgarian off the hardwood, Moore was still calling out "to the side, the side!"

Lieberman remembers, "My knees hit that girl so hard in her chest, somebody else had to shoot her free throws. When the U.S. and Bulgaria played again at Montreal, every time the other girl came in, Billie put me in. The girl wised up. All I had to do was get close to her and she got rid of the ball. She wanted no part of me."

For all the giant strides the women's game has taken in recent years, the most accomplished players are still in a quandary about how best to describe themselves.

On the one hand, they abhor being "compared" to men, even those less honored, nightly claiming such a silly exercise is akin to comparing Tracy Austin to, say, the Gullikson twins on the tennis court. Conversely, however (and unlike women tennis players), they are pleased to hear that they "play like men."

The Immaculata and Delta State teams, which dominated women's basketball and split six championships in the 1970s, did not play like men. Old Dominion's current Lady Monarchs used not to play like men. Annie Meyers—you remember Annie (d'Arc) Meyers of UCLA and the Indiana Pacers broadcast crew, now of the WBL's New Jersey Gems—did not play like a man. (Truth be told, Meyers was fading out of the women's amateur game when she made her ill-fated foray into the NBA. She did not start or play much on last summer's Pan-Am team and would have had a difficult time being chosen for the 1980 Olympic squad. Serious folk in women's

basketball regard her effort with the Pacers as sheer folly and "a slap in the face" at their game.)

But Nancy Lieberman? The reason she is a pioneer, the reason she altered the strategy, the style, the face, the very direction of women's basketball, is that Nancy Lieberman plays like a man.

Except for a lack of dynamic jumping ability, there is not much to distinguish Lieberman from the point guard on most of the better varsity male teams. Nancy runs well. She has remarkable peripheral vision. In technical terms, she "sees the floor" better than most men, throwing the blind passes she favors—one-handers, bouncers, wharfways and other tricky deliveries—with little fear of interception. On the dribble she is marvelous at changing direction and protecting the ball; she has the true quarterback's instinct of knowing when to keep it, when to give it up. Lieberman is a "head" rebounder, instinctively gaining position, banging people around and controlling the territory around the key. On defense, Nancy is alternately sly and hatchet, attempting the steal or muscling and intimidating a hot shooter. Lieberman's game is aggressive and adaptable, showy yet solid in the same piece.

"Nancy's got a lot of David Thompson in her," says Jim Oshust, the director of the Greensboro Coliseum, the arena in which Thompson and Lieberman won their respective college championships five years apart. "She's flashy and spectacular and you remember that, but at heart she is a total book player. She gives you fundamentals right out of the instruction guide."

When Lieberman came off the streets of Far Rockaway, which is in New York's borough of Queens, she was labeled just another playground rat. But she did the one thing girls always were reluctant to



Competing with Lieberman for freedom is Nissen (shooting), the 6'6" Dane whose life style includes more than basketball



do before her. She went to the basket, created things and scrapped like a wildcat. Now she has learned finesse and developed more of an outside shot, and during five full summers abroad—and nearly

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100 games in 12 foreign countries, beating Jane Fonda's world record—she has thrived. "Lady Magic," everyone calls her. Ironically, Nancy Lieberman can hardly be called a lady basketball player anymore. She is a basketball player, period.

"It's what I've strived for all my life," she says. "It's a great compliment to hear that I do things like a guy. But the degree is the thing. I know I can't play in the NBA. Maybe I couldn't make the ODU men's team. That doesn't matter. Look, we've worked hard to separate the two games. If people are looking for slam dunks and 30-foot jumpers, they'll be disappointed in the women. The men are stronger and faster; they can rely on natural ability. But we use finesse; we run patterns. We depend on the fundamentals. The women's game is incredible in its own right. And exciting. We scored more than 100 points in Madison Square Garden last year and won by 53. You think the fans were sitting on their hands? They were up, screaming. They loved us."

If the AIAW championship won in the Carolina pines was wonderful, the January night in New York when Lieberman discarded her playmaker's role to score 33 points in 28 minutes as ODU beat Queens 106-53 must have been paradise. But could anyone actually be surprised at the way Nancy hustled and fought and seowled and chopped that gum, behaving, as she put it, like "Mr. Tough Guy"? After all, as a Big Apple dampling, she had been planning this for a while. Like, maybe, since when she was eight. And if the Lieb had learned anything in her short, confused and sometimes unhappy life, it was how to be a tough guy.

Just past the front hallway in Nancy Lieberman's house on Bayswater Avenue in Far Rockaway is an iron railing guarding a stairway to the basement. When Jerome Lieberman, a onetime real-estate broker and builder, designed the house, he and his wife, Renee, agreed to finish off the stairs and the basement so they could have a nice glowing room down

there. It would be the center of activity, a den, a playroom, the TV room, the family room. Now the stairs are floored off and a carpet covers the floor. There never has been a den or a glow or a family room. There has not been much of a family either. Just as the Liebbermans were about to move from Brooklyn, where they lived when Nancy was a baby, marital difficulties came to a head. Things got very ugly. Things got sad. Renee, with the



There are times when Lieberman has Coach Stanley up in arms

two small children, Cliff and Nancy, went ahead with the move anyway. Jerome came along temporarily, but it wasn't too much later that he left the house on Bayswater Avenue for good.

Surely the absence of a full-time father has negative effects on any childhood; in Nancy's case, her father's leaving seemed shattering. She recalls her father telephoning and telling her he would be over to take her out for the day. She would sit by the window waiting. Occasionally he would fail to appear. She remembers that if she started to cry, her mother would say, "Don't cry over your father." Nancy remembers it was rough.

While Cliff, an asthmatic, immersed himself in music and his studies, Nancy turned to sports. "Maybe it was for attention, my father's attention," she says now. "I don't know. I was terribly bitter for a long time, but after a while I never worried about things like that. The family always said I was so cold anyway.

After that, what did they expect? The divorce stopped bothering me. I just went and played ball."

First it was football, about which Renee Lieberman says, "I would look out in the yard and see a pile of helmets and bodies but no Nancy. Then I realized my daughter was under all that. I stopped football real quick." Then came baseball—until Nancy was prohibited from playing her first Public School Athletic

League game because she was a girl. And so to basketball. To the Hartman YMHA in Far Rockaway against the boys. Stayin' alive. To Beach 19th Street down by the ocean against more boys. Stayin' alive. To night basketball on the neighborhood playgrounds—"radar ball," she calls it because there was only one faraway streetlight and you couldn't see the ball go in the basket; you had to hear it. Stayin' alive yet again.

Later, as a junior in high school, Lieberman would get on the subway and ride to Harlem to play on an AAU team coached by an enormous, jolly social worker named LaVoizier LaMar. LaMar calls himself "a former high school teammate, at Boys High School in Brooklyn, of the great All-American, Sihugo Green of Duquesne University." The team was called the New York Chuckles. The Chuckles called the new white girl "Fire."

"Nancy was the queen of Harlem," says LaMar. "She would roar down the court left, right, turning, spinning, flying in the air. You know, getting it all done. Once the Chuckles scrimmaged some high school guys, and the guys were yelling 'face job, face job' at each other every time she did something. Everybody got to know the Fire right away, so nobody messed with her on the streets. I can't even remember everywhere she played up there. I'd have to look on the trophies."

Back in Far Rockaway, Lieberman would play all day, stay a little longer, play all evening, get a little stronger. She followed the Knicks, learning to shoot

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NANCY

continued

left by watching Willis Reed and to act cocky and cool at the same time in the manner of Clyde, No. 10 on your program, *Walt Frazier*.

"Girls ain't —" a playground guy once said to her. Lieberman challenged him to one-on-one. Five minutes later—11-4 Lieberman—the loser had seen enough. "It's a setup," he said. "I'm out of here."

"That was the time of my life," Nancy says. "The guys were always bigger and rougher, so I had to be mean and hard-nosed. I had to learn to maneuver around that pole in the schoolyard. I had to learn to take elbows and give them back. When I got better, I'd get chosen over the boys for five-on-five. When they tipped off about that, I gave them lip right back. I got in a lot of fistfights that way I had to show them I could play and get respect, so they didn't ease up on me. It took me about two times playing against new guys before they realized I could handle myself. I learned all aspects of the game. When basketball season ended each year, my life ended too."

Nancy's mother was not notably supportive. Renee Lieberman was from a show business family; her parents, Lou

and Eva Saks, played vaudeville. Renee grew up with Beverly Sills. She once studied opera herself under Dorothy Edwards. Renee says Dorothy Edwards was the sister of Gus Edwards. Gus Edwards wrote *The Light of the Silvery Moon*.

Renee Lieberman says her parents were very special people who helped raise her children. She says they were good-doers. She says they were the kind of people who "if you broke down in Jersey in the rain, they'd fix five sandwiches and come bring the jumper cables."

Of Nancy Lieberman, Renee says, "She was so pretty, gosh. People would call to me, 'Hey, get her out of the tree.' I'd get her dolls, she'd want bialls. My kid and sports, you wouldn't believe. I yelled, I screamed, 'I'll murder you. Stop it already. Sports aren't for girls. Why don't you be a secretary? A nurse? Put on a dress?' Nothing worked. She thought it was a challenge having everybody against her. She'd fight the world if she had to."

One day Renee punctured her daughter's basketball with a screwdriver. "She just went out and got more balls," Renee says. Following another one of Renee's harangues, Nancy put her hands

on her hips and said, "Someday I'm going to make history."

Nobody was going to bring Nancy Lieberman any jumper cables.

Things became more difficult in the house on Bayswater. Cliff and Nancy had nothing in common; he was off studying a lot. A family acquaintance once said of the atmosphere, "It was *All in the Family* in drag." Nancy quit piano lessons. Nancy quit Hebrew school; she was never Bas-Mitzvahed. "I was no [Sandy] Koufax," Nancy says. "I'd kill myself before I'd stop playing ball on Saturday."

Nancy practiced jumping indoors and got fingerprints on the ceiling. Nancy brought home stray cats and dogs, which her mother threw back out the door. Nancy got an alligator in the mail. Nancy dribbled to keep her mother awake. Renee punished Nancy. Nancy said, "Don't worry, Ma. You're the one who's crazy."

Brian Sackowitz, Lieberman's coach at Far Rockaway High, and his wife, Barbara, lived in nearby Lido Beach. Their home became a port in the storm for Lieberman. "We just tried to uncompliment things," says Barbara Sackowitz.

As Nancy became more of an athlete, she became less of a student, a feat her classmates had believed impossible. She missed half her classes in her senior year because of her global basketball travels. The principal waived the attendance requirement so she could graduate. "Her average?" says Brian, laughing. "Was there an average?"

"It's safe to say she was a solid C," says Barbara.

In Nancy's sophomore year, the Far Rockaway Seashores lost the city championship game by one point. In her junior year, the team was disqualified from title consideration because Nancy was discovered playing for the St. Francis DeSales CYO (Catholic Youth Organization) team at the same time. St. Francis won the CYO championship. In her senior year, Far Rockaway lost Nancy's final high school game in the city quarter-finals. Later that day Nancy went to Madison Square Garden to see Delta State's Lucy Harris play. Following that game LaVoizier LaMar met Lieberman outside of the Garden, packed her into a car and

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During good-natured bickering, Nancy wrestles Lockard at her home away from home—the Lezons'

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drove her to Allentown, Pa., where the New York Chuckles were to play the Allentown Crestettes; game time 8 p.m. LaMar says Nancy "really did a number" that night. The Chuckles won by 11 and LaMar got Nancy back to Far Rockaway before dawn.

"What times they were," says Brian Sackrowitz. "We even lived through Nancy's first romance. Or almost lived through it. The kid's name was Larry Klein. A baseball player. It lasted for a while. Then they played one-on-one in basketball. Nancy beat him by eight."

In 1974 the Sackrowitzs spearheaded a local drive to raise money and send Nancy to Albuquerque where the U.S. was selecting a team to play the Soviet Union. Brian canvassed the neighborhoods. Somebody called the Eyewitness News team at WABC-TV. Far Rockaway came up with \$1,500.

Over the next two basketball seasons, as Lieberman displayed her precocious talents on the U.S. national team, she became the first female phenom to be caught up, tooth, nail and haircurlers, in the college recruiting wars. Flexing their newly developed financial biceps, the colleges with major women's basketball programs cajoled, fought and cheated over Lieberman's services. There were the usual 400,000 offers, many of them illegal, which always are presented to young athletes with the potential to make a college rich. The only difference this time was that the young athlete was a girl.

Lieberman briefly considered the local school, Queens, but Coach Lucille Kyvallos could not come up with any scholarship aid. "I don't think she would have come here anyway," says Kyvallos. "Her brother was at Queens in pre-med at the time. There was tremendous rivalry—he be the brains, she the, uh, ball-player. My impression was they couldn't live together in the same institution."

Home life being what it was, Lieberman knew she must get away. Her Olympic coach, Moore, was at Cal State, Fullerton. But that, Lieberman felt, was too far away, and Moore was about to leave anyway. Another of her favorite coaches, Pat Head, was at Tennessee. But Head was not interested. A terrific offer came

out of Las Vegas. "They said they would make my little girl the toast of the Strip," says Renee Lieberman. "I could just see it all. Everybody up in bright lights at Caesars: TOM JONES . . . NANCY LIEBERMAN . . . AND MOTHER."

But that was too grotesque even for Nancy. Instead, she elected to spend the next four years of her life at a little-known school in the friendly confines of the Virginia Tidewater. Renee was appalled. She recalls that Lou Saks had played the old Center Theater in Norfolk during the war. But Old Dominion University? "All I could picture," says Renee, "was a sail-or town and a broken-down plantation."

Old Dominion University was founded in 1930 as the Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary. The school became independent in 1962 and gained university status seven years later. Chockablock with red brick and gray slate buildings, the ODU campus is in the southeast corner of Norfolk, the largest city in Virginia, a place surrounded for the most part by water. To the north is Chesapeake Bay; to the west, Hampton Roads; to the east, the Atlantic. Not long ago Norfolk's downtown dock areas underwent a face-lift. Now high-rise hotels and restored colonial townhouses are to be seen. A street or two are paved with cobblestones. The city's outlying neighborhoods are green and leafy. Touristy Virginia Beach is nearby. So, it seems, are approximately nine-tenths of our nation's Naval forces. The first lady of the Commonwealth recently flew into town to pay some political dues: Elizabeth T. Warner out of the Virginia hunt country by way of Hollywood and Vine.

At ODU blond student beach bums stroll across campus with Confederate flags painted on their shirts and surfboards slung across their shoulders. Enrollment is 14,000. It is only a rumor that 12,000 are on basketball scholarships. Nevertheless, the sport has a rich tradition at ODU. In 1965 a coach named Sonny Allen began the move toward big-time basketball. In 10 years Allen's men's teams won 181 games in NCAA Division II, were the national runner-up in 1971 (with

Dave Twardzik) and the champion in 1975 (with Wilson Washington).

Allen up and left for SMU after ODU won that title, but the present men's coach, Paul Webb, has carried the torch. In the three seasons since switching to Division I the Monarchs have won 59 games and gone to the NIT twice; this year they have their best team with two potential All-Americans in Ronnie Valentine and Ronnie McAdoo.

About the same time ODU applied for membership in the major college division, Athletic Director Jim Jarrett decided to upgrade the women's basketball program. An avid tennis player, Jarrett had noted with interest the numbers women were attracting to pro tennis. People numbers. Cash numbers. Even before Title IX pressure forced the issue, Jarrett jumped into women's basketball. "People around here laughed, but nobody could tell me the women wouldn't draw," Jarrett says.

ODU was the first school in Virginia to give athletic scholarships to women. In 1974 there were two scholarships in basketball; this year there will be the equivalent of 12. In 1974 the women's basketball budget was \$9,000; this year ODU will spend more than \$150,000 on the women.

Along with this development came a semimerger of the men's and women's programs, a concept that has fostered compatibility in an area where angels of both sexes had previously feared to tread. Not to mention coaches. At ODU the men's and women's teams share the training room. They share the radio-TV package. They share the preseason kickoff banquet. They live in the same dormitory apartment building. They regularly played in doubleheaders at the Scope, Norfolk's \$50-million gem of a complex.

The women's fame has made recruiting easier for the men. Everybody knows who Old Dominion is now. Assistant men's Coach Mike Pollio even speaks of a "combined record," as in "We were 58-8 last year, the best record in the nation . . . combined."

"This situation may seem unique to most schools," says Webb, "but it shouldn't be. Folks should get along. This is the way things are supposed to

continued

be." In the next breath Webb says, "Of course, you must remember that the No. 1 sport at ODU is men's basketball. Without question."

Except one. In Jarrett's memento-swamped office there are two pictures on the wall behind his desk. One is of the ODU mascot, "Big Blue," a kid in a lion suit, and the other is of Jarrett and TV announcer Jayne Kennedy, who as any fool can plainly see is a woman. Where are the men?

Last season 500 people stood on line in the rain waiting for tickets to watch the UCLA and ODU women's teams—the once and future AIAA champions—play in the campus gym. ODU won 90–60. Nancy Lieberman scored 29 points. And the game grossed more than \$20,000. This season Jarrett raised the price of women's season tickets 250%—from \$10 to \$35. The public responded by buying 1,000, 800 more than last year. The Lady Monarchs have become so profitable on their own that ODU fans will no longer be able to see both the men and the women on the same bill; the school was losing money on that deal.

Where does Nancy Lieberman fit into this? "You can't put a dollar value on what Nancy Lieberman has meant to this university," says Jarrett.

In truth, both ODU and Jarrett were helplessly unprepared when the boom of *la femme hit*. The athletic director had hired one Pam Parsons to coach and recruit and get the ball rolling. A year later Parsons had astonished Jarrett by attracting to his tiny Tidewater kingdom Lieberman, who was asking, "Will I play in the Garden?" And she was attracting Inge Nissen, from Denmark yet. Suddenly the athletic director found himself with a powerhouse team and a bunch of angry, impatient women scratching at his office door.

Parsons' position was that here were world-class women athletes who deserved to be treated as such. The team's traveling, living and meal accommodations were not top flight, and neither was the scheduling or the scholarship aid. In time, most of the requested im-

provements would be honored, but not soon enough for Parsons. Indeed, her conscientiousness or ruckus-raising, take your pick, was tolerable as long as she got along with Jarrett. But then Parsons war against in her relationship with Lieberman, and that was that.

The coach had won the player by somehow making it seem an exciting challenge for a famous Olympic star to go to unimposing ODU. ("Pam could rent you an apartment for \$300 more than it's worth," Lieberman says. "What a recruiter!") But the real challenge was Parsons trying to accommodate a strong-willed, spoiled prima donna who was as stubborn in her demands as the coach was in hers.

Progressing from what was a cute little sorority team full speed ahead to a nationally respected title contender, the Lady Monarchs finished the first Lieberman season with a 23–9 record and a No. 14 national ranking. Lieberman averaged 20.9 points, and in a 93–75 victory over Virginia State, she contributed 30 points and 17 rebounds.

Along the way, however, the clash of egos and styles took an unfortunate turn. The year before Lieberman arrived, a furious Parsons had removed the entire ODU starting team from one game and had made them run laps in the outer hall while the game continued. During Nancy's first season, the coach once benched her volatile star six minutes after the opening jump ball and made her sit for the remainder of the game. Late in the season Jarrett fired Parsons, but the team refused to play until she was reinstated, which she quickly was. That time Lieberman went along with the majority, but at the end of the year she made it quite clear that an ultimatum was at hand: if Parsons stays, Lieberman goes.

Nobody will admit to this scenario now, Parsons (who resigned to become an assistant athletic director and coach at South Carolina) saying only that "there were problems. Resentment, hate—all those words could be used at one time or another." But Lieberman's disclaimer is more interesting. "We were both strong-headed and made mistakes," she says, "but I could never have had that

kind of power ... as a freshman."

In that first year at Old Dominion, Nancy had a boyfriend, Tommy Conrad, the point guard on the men's varsity. But after she returned from still another long trip abroad, playing on a national team, the relationship fizzled.

"I couldn't give it 100%," Lieberman says. "When I do something, I have to get into it with total devotion, and I just couldn't make basketball second to a guy."

During one-on-one games against Conrad, the two players would help each other on shots and moves, but the competition was never far from the boiling point. "Tommy would be playing with a broken wrist," Nancy says. "I didn't care. I'd be out for blood. That's just how I am. If I play pickup sticks, I want to win. God, how I hate to lose."

Lieberman's pride in self, in representing women and the women's game, has made for other interesting macho, uh, feminacho, moments. At a late-night party following an all-star game in Portsmouth, Va. a few summers ago, Tom Zaligaris, a starting guard for the North Carolina Tar Heels, made the mistake of expressing his distaste for women's basketball within earshot of Lieberman.

"I guess if you play at North Carolina, you wouldn't know what you're talking about," Lieberman snapped.

"Anybody can shoot 20-footers over a zone," Zaligaris said.

"You sure can't. I.N.C. star Phil Ford is the only one who does," Lieberman said.

"Let's get it right now," an angry Zaligaris said.

So everybody drove over to the gym, got the maintenance man to open up and at 3 o'clock in the morning Tom Zaligaris and Nancy Lieberman went at each other on the basketball court. The game made headlines in Norfolk. "He beat me 11–2, 11–8," Lieberman says. "What the heck. I had to take a plane at seven a.m."

ODU's talented forward, Ronnie McAdoo (Bob McAdoo's cousin) says, "Nancy's real nice out there. I go home to North Carolina and tell the guys she would have started on our high school team. They laugh. I just wish they could see her. They wouldn't believe the girl."

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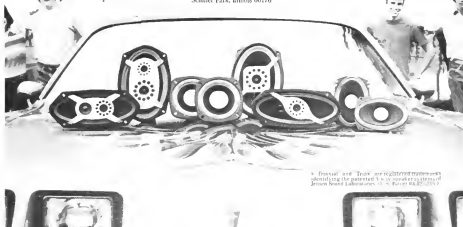
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NANCY

continued

I'm proud Nancy goes to the same school as me. I watch her in pickup games all the time against the intramural guys. She's killer! 'em I mean *Nancy's getting down*."

As a freshman, Nancy could not get down far enough in adjusting to the Lady Monarchs. She was cold, aloof, seldom mixed with the other girls socially. "It's very hard when one person is getting all the recognition that a lot of people work together for," Lieberman says. "I was never close to my teammates. Then at ODU I hadn't set foot on the court, and people already were retiring my jersey. All the girls had read that stuff. It wasn't fair. I didn't know how to react to them, or them to me. When we won, my picture was in the papers. When we lost, my picture was in the papers. It was awful. The first year the girls and I were just polite, the usual consideration teammates have for each other. But that was all."

"Nancy wasn't obnoxious, or an alley fighter or anything," says teammate Sue Richardson. "It's just that she came in here as the superstar of America. She was always given everything on a platter, done favors for, paid respects and told how great she was. And she was. It was Nancy Lieberman, and then the ODU team. She acted the part. At times Nancy felt she could do it alone and she tried to do it alone. It took her until sophomore year to get over that."

At that juncture into the coaching breach stepped Marianne Crawford Stanley. What Inge Nissen calls "our continuing soap opera" was, well, about to continue.

Stanley, twice an All-America point guard at Immaculata when the Mighty Macs were winning championships, had worked hard after graduation to make the 1976 Olympic team, but at 5'6" she was beaten out on the squad by a high school girl quicker, stronger and four inches taller. The girl was Nancy Lieberman.

"I knew ODU was a gold mine," says Stanley. "I also knew all the stories about Nancy. I heard she might quit. I heard she might transfer. I heard she was an impossible brat. I came right

out and told her the door was open, that I didn't want any unhappy players. But Nancy wasn't a brat. I related to her image. I remember what it was like to be a scrappy kid and be told you can't do this or that. I grew up shoveling snow off the court at home to play this game, and I bet my life she did that, too. Nancy has such competitiveness, desire, confidence, an incredible understanding of the game. You can't teach that."

Actually, from the beginning, Stanley had more problems with Nissen than with Lieberman Inge. "The Great Dane," a worldly 24-year-old whose chain-smoking and appreciation of a cocktail are not exactly prescribed training techniques ("If I could smoke at timeouts, I'd light up fast," she says), was barely nine months younger than the new coach. Nissen and the other players questioned Stanley's maturity and motivational capabilities.

With the team's internal tensions by no means alleviated, ODU began the second year in the reign of Lady Magic. Because the Lady Monarchs did not have many shooters and because they could not catch Lieberman's passes—the team had averaged more than 25 turnovers the year before—Stanley switched Nancy to forward. This is Lieberman's favorite position anyway, possibly because in addition to everything else, she is the finest rebounder in college. Though Lieberman again averaged 20 points and the team had a 30-4 record, there were two big disappointments. Early in the season the team blew an 18-point lead to Queens in New York and lost 70-67, after which Stanley branded her players "chokers." Then in March, with AIAW tournament advancement on the line, ODU fell to N.C. State in the Region II semifinals, 59-57. Following that defeat, the Lady Monarchs recovered to win the National Women's Invitational Tournament in Amarillo, Texas, which served as a springboard to last year's championship season.

Whether this is sexist-based or not, much of ODU's success has been credited to a man, Assistant Coach Jerry Busone, whom Stanley brought in from a parochial high school in Troy, N.Y. Busone is responsible for working with

the centers and for recruiting. In 1978-79 the improvement of Nissen—"Inge was good," says Lieberman. "Now, she's great, the best!"—coupled with the addition of the Canadian Connection, Jan Trombly and Chris Critelli, as well as star rookie Rhonda Rompola, lifted Old Dominion to a level far beyond the competition.

Trombly and Rompola were the shooters ODU needed to enable Lieberman to go back to the point. Playmaker Critelli, basketball's vagabond wif who had to sit out last year because the Canadian government was giving her scholarship money (ODU was her third school in four years), toughened up Lieberman in practice. Nissen pumped up her point total to over 2,000. Most significant, the addition of so many good players put Lieberman's talents in perspective, took pressure off her and balanced the team. Stanley left the players pretty much alone—"She doesn't bother us; that's the way we want it," one says—and the Lady Monarchs defeated all comers, except one, by an average margin of 27.1 points. The only loss, a 73-49 embarrassment at South Carolina, came after a two-day bus trip through a snowstorm. Nissen did not play because of an ankle injury. Lieberman was thrown out for fighting with five minutes left in the game. "I never threw a punch," she says. "I think Rhonda got one in, though." The South Carolina coach was Pam Parsons.

This year, with four starters returning (Trombly is out for the season with a knee injury), with Critelli eligible, with three outstanding freshmen including 6'8" Anne Donovan, the most highly recruited prep player since Lieberman, the Lady Monarchs have put together what is possibly the finest women's college team in history.

"We may be," says Busone, who is extraordinarily candid about his sensitive position. "Eventually I want to coach on the men's level. My fantasy is to be the first coach involved with national championship teams of both sexes. But in two years here I've found that the women are mentally tougher than the men. At first I was, bluntly, a bastard with them—screaming and cursing. But there is something about a woman: she

continued

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doesn't need to be kicked in the rear to get going. Our girls are tough, the toughest." He should know. At the moment ODU won its national championship last March, Busone was stunned to glance around and notice that the only person crying was himself.

The AIAW title seems to have exorcised whatever demons Lieberman and Nissen had forged between them in a three-year rivalry. On a trip to France in 1976 the two had met and played some pickup games together at the Clermont University Club in Clermont-Ferrand, for whom Nissen was the star. The slugo American jugg persued Nissen, three years her senior, to come to America and play college ball.

Although they are vastly dissimilar in style, temperament and cultural background, they have never publicly clashed; nevertheless, this odd couple has been on an emotional roller-coaster. Events such as Nissen beating Lieberman to the landmark 1,000 points and Lieberman winning the Wade Trophy (women's basketball's Heisman) by a landslide doubtless stirred up jealousies. "I'm tired of that bitch driving the lane, winking at me, then throwing the ball elsewhere," Inge once told a reporter. When the subject is broached, Lieberman merely points out that neither woman is a dummy, both want to win, and if anybody cared to check, they would find that 90% of Lieberman assists have wound up as Nissen baskets.

"Recognition drives Nancy," says Nissen. "I found out early it meant everything to her to be 'it.' At first I tried to be friends with the girls, Nancy tried to be friends with the newspapers. Well, it was difficult. But we used to have a team of nothing players; I would have gone bananas without Nancy. Now everything is 'team' with her. Oh, we'll still get in leisure-time games—you know, playing against stiffs—when she and Rhonda [Rompola] will go into their clique routine, and so me and Angie [Cotman] won't let them see the ball for a while. But when we need to, all the bull gets thrown out and we bond together again. Every summer that we have come back to school, I'm amazed how much Nancy Lieberman has grown up."

There it is again. Growing Up. Nancy Growing Up.

Harry and Pam Lozon, Lieberman's older, married friends in the Norfolk area, say the same thing. Wes Lockard, Nancy's great friend, a hilarious fellow who wears a seagull outfit at games on behalf of WTAR radio, says it as well. Even Nancy herself says it. "I've changed. I've learned. Of course I've grown up. Isn't that what college is all about?"

Lieberman says she changed her mind twice about transferring from ODU because of the Lozons and Lockard. Harry is "Mad Dog" Lozon, a former Coast Guard and ODU player who had a cup of coffee with the Houston Rockets as Calvin Murphy's roommate. Lockard is "Crazy Wes," a walking comedy act whom Nancy first met on campus during a driving rainstorm when Lockard was carrying an umbrella without any material on top and wearing canvas shoes with giant toes pointed on them. Lockard had turned down an offer to attend Ringling Brothers' clown college, but he wasn't the seagull just yet.

"How're you doing?" Lieberman said. "The scars are healing quite well," Lockard said.

It isn't Nichols and May, but a zany relationship has flourished.

What the Lozons and Lockard did in Norfolk back then was provide an escape hatch for Lieberman at a time in her life when she needed security and protection and a lot of laughs and a little love. At the Lozon home in suburban Virginia Beach, Nancy could get away from school and basketball and notoriety and the memories of her bramblebush teens. She got away a lot. Now she does her laundry there. She watches TV. She plays with the Lozons' small sons and with the dogs. Harry and Pam have taken Nancy camping and fishing and water skiing and gotten her drunk at a Redskins game. Harry and Pam call Nancy "Super Jew."

When Nancy accidentally broke Rompola's nose last season during a playful scuffle, Harry said, "You did the impossible, Super Jew. You broke a Polack's nose."

"Nancy's the daughter of the family," says Lozon. "Before this, I don't think

she ever had anyone close that she could trust. She had always been treated like a spoiled child and she had to learn all kinds of situations for herself. Now she has come out of her shell. She knows how to show affection. She is just a real person."

Lockard, whose behavior can take the form of riding in the trunks of cars and embarrassing friends in airline terminals, virtually echoes the thought. "Nancy used to be hesitant about whom she talked to on campus," he says through the seagull mouth. "Now she still kind of looks around to see who's watching. But at least she's cheerful. She's a happy person."

After Rompola arrived last season from Sayreville, N.J., she, too, opened up some new doors for her current roommate. "Unlike everyone else, I wasn't afraid to tell Nancy she was wrong," says Rompola. "I thought of her as just people, not a superstar. We were point-blank with each other. Nancy relaxed, she learned how to have a good time and care about others. We're soul sisters."

Accompanied by Lockard, Rompola and the rest of the gang, Lieberman now finds time to catch some disco over at Rogue's Gallery on the Beach or drink the 25-cent beer special at the 4400 Club or join in the fun when the girls pun-fry a teammate's goldfish. She even hits a schoolbook now and then on her way to a major in marketing. Nancy says she is determined to earn her degree even though it will take her at least a full semester past this spring, when her class is to be graduated.

By that time the AIAW season will be over, the Lady Monarchs will have won another championship and the women's professional league—the New York Stars, the Chicago Hustle, the California Dreams, et al.—will be breathing heavily in anticipation of her saving grace. Still, Lieberman will have one more bridge to cross: the Moscow Olympics.

"That's what I'm playing for," Nancy says. "That's what I'm living for. That's the whole deal. When we beat the Russians... well, wow, that will be really something."

Of course, it would be history. Which is what Nancy Lieberman always said she'd make.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NO. 1 (CONT.)

Sir:

Your article *There's a Red Alert* (Nov. 12) contained some statistics that I am sure have aroused more than a minimum of curiosity. Specifically I'm referring to the rankings of the then six big unbeatens according to Division I-A opponents played. While it is apparent that the degree of difficulty of Alabama's schedule—then ranked 106th by the NCAA—doesn't earn the Tide many points, the question remains: Which major-college team plays the toughest schedule?

GRANT TUCKER
Indianapolis

■ When SI's Nov. 12 article went to press, NCAA ratings based on the records of Division I-A opponents already played listed North Carolina State as the team with the toughest schedule. The Wolfpack was followed by Notre Dame, UCLA, Kansas and North Carolina. However, according to the NCAA's latest cumulative ratings, which are based on the records of all of the Division I-A opponents on each team's schedule, UCLA had the No. 1 spot, with North Carolina State, Penn State, South Carolina and Notre Dame rounding out the top five.—ED

ATTENTION GETTERS

Sir:

Regarding your SCORECARD item "Attention, Please" (Nov. 19), I saw the Woody Hayes incident on TV and was appalled. As I read about coaches' treatment of young men today, I think back to the time I played for the Germantown (Tenn.) Red Devils and to the coach I was lucky enough to have through my high school years, Bill Ostren. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word. We taught us to play hard and fair, but he never drove us in any way. I hope that the majority of the young men today will be able to look back on their playing days and respect their coaches as I do mine.

J. RUSS WEAVER
Sheridan, Ark.

Sir:

I've covered Ed Thomas and his Chenoa High School football teams for the past 10 years. I feel he was unfairly portrayed in your SCORECARD item. It is incredible to me that one incident can completely overshadow all that this man has accomplished in terms of helping his players in the past 13 years.

Unfortunately, no one seems to mention that various ministers and team members were among the coach's strongest supporters after the mishap. The team has rallied solidly

behind him, winning nine straight games to reach the state class I-A championship final, which it lost 34-3 to Hampshire, a perennial power. Not bad for a team with a preseason goal of 500.

If I had a son I would be happy to have him coached by Thomas. You have only added to the public humiliation of a decent man and a fine coach.

RICK JONES
Managing Editor
The Fairbury Blade
Fairbury, Ill.

UTAH'S BALL

Sir:

Earlier this year I participated in a small debate concerning fan support for college basketball (SCORECARD, April 2). I contended then—and still contend—that the state of Utah has the best fans. Senator Richard G. Lugar (R., Indiana) countered with information indicating that last season Indiana was the leader in major-college basketball attendance. Your magazine then pointed out that, in fact, Kentucky was tops.

Information recently published in Brigham Young University's campus newspaper, *The Daily Universe*, shows that, on a per capita basis, Utah does lead the nation, with a total attendance of 728,895 last season, drawn from a population of 1,263,000 (1977 estimate), or a ratio of 1 game attended per 1.74 citizens. The ratios for Indiana (1 to 4.66) and Kentucky (1 to 3.31) were not as good. With the news that BYU has sold out the Marriott Center, its 22,700-seat arena, for the 1979-80 season and that the University of Utah, Utah State and Weber State are well on their way to similarly high attendance, I look forward to Utah continuing to lead the nation.

ORRIN G. HATCH
United States Senator (R., Utah)
Washington, D.C.

STERIODS

Sir:

I take great exception to Naval Academy Track Coach Al Cantello's statement, "Every topflight track man in the U.S. takes steroids" (SCORECARD, Nov. 12). The statement is, at best, overreaching. As a member of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team, in which I competed in the 1,500, I categorically deny that I have ever resorted to the use of steroids, and I can further state that I have never come into contact with a middle-distance or distance runner from the U.S. who has used such drugs.

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15TH HOLE continued

siderable pull over the achievements of many athletes who have never used steroids. I believe the penultimate paragraph of your editorial more adequately reflects most runners' attitudes. A successful competitor is more the product of a rigorous training regimen that exploits his physiological predispositions than the beneficiary of any boost that might be gained from any drug or hormone.

MICHAEL K. DURKIN
Oes Plaines, Ill.

THE THREE KINGS

Sir:

Even though I am a true Canadians fan, I would like to suggest a name for the Los Angeles Kings' line of Marcel Dionne, Charlie Simmer and Dave Taylor (These Three Kings Are Unbeatable, Nov. 12). How about the Court Line?

GAVIN DEL VINCINO
Montreal

Sir:

My daughter thinks that the Do Line is the name for Dionne, Simmer and Taylor, but so me it is obvious that considering all the points and dollars they earn for the Kings, they should be the Bread Line.

LARRY BENJAMIN
Tallahassee, Fla.

HOT DOGS

Sir:

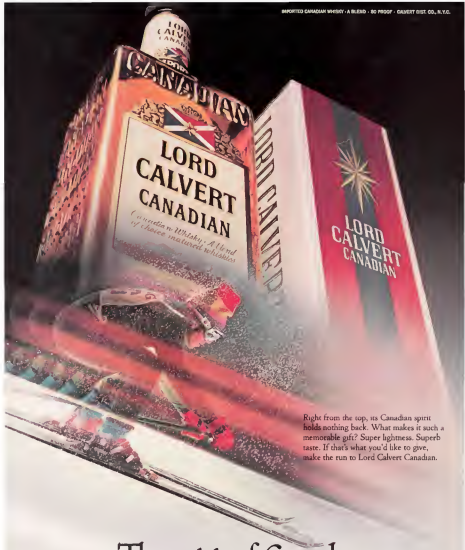
In view of your SCORECARD items (April 16 and June 25) on my efforts to keep down the costs to fans of food at San Francisco's Candlestick Park, your readers might be interested to know that hot dog prices at Candlestick were again an issue in October, but the Recreation and Park Commission voted 5-2 to deny increases in concession prices. Cutting inflationary pressures, Stevens California Enterprises, Inc. requested a boost of 25¢ on vendod beer, 10¢ on vendod hot dogs, 15¢ on vendod Polish sausages, 15¢ on concession-stand beer and 5¢ on concession-stand hot dogs and Polish sausages—all of which, by my calculations, would have increased Stevens' gross concessions revenue by more than \$500,000.

The generous space your magazine devoted to the story of the 1978 nickel surcharge on vendod hot dogs was an important factor in causing Rec and Park to rescind that charge, and it was instrumental in preventing the October boost.

I won't attend Rec and Park meetings again—I'm retiring. However, I offer my notes to anyone who wishes to pursue such matters in the future. Surely the opportunity to purchase food—especially hot dogs—at a fair price is as much a part of the game as is rooting for the home team.

RON GORDON
Redwood City, Calif

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